

HUD

FADE IN:

1. EXT. FULL PANORAMIC VISTA - (DAY)

The plains of Texas. Green, brown and grey, they are spread wide under a clear sky already beginning to shimmer with early morning heat. It is a vast, lonely land, dwarfing animal and man.

The highway cuts straight through the bright, unshaded, open country, a powder-dry road pointing north to Amarillo and Raton, south to Dallas, Houston or Fort Worth. The dawn is just ending, the sun starting its long climb.

The sound of "The Wabash Canonball" BLARES out over the prairie. It is an Ernest Tubbs recording, unlikely Western jazz for this early in the day, an incongruous background for serene and empty space.

2. EXT. THALIA

The gold rays of the sun flash on the chrome of an old truck as it slows down to enter town. Thalia, Texas, is one of those unseen little places along the highway where some roads end and others begin. It is a sun-parched oasis, a town of unpainted houses and grassless yards full of pea vines, goatheads and weeds.

3. EXT. MAIN STREET

LON BANNON swings his long legs out of the truck. He is seventeen, a guileless, courteous boy hovering between the daydreams of youth and the realities of maturity. He leans back in to speak to HANK HUTCH, the driver.

LON

Thanks for the lift.

HANK

Where you gonna look for him?

LON

(Shrugging)

I don't know. If I find a pink Cadillac, he'll be around somewhere.

3. (Cont'd)

He waves to the man and the truck grinds up the street, the only moving thing in Thalia at this hour. Lon swings across the road and pokes his head into the all-night truckers' cafe.

4. INT. CAFE

The place is empty as Lon enters. It turns out that Tubb's wailing voice is coming from the boy's shirt front; like a lot of teen-agers he is a slave to the transistor radio and carries one in his pocket at all times. Right now he reaches in and turns the VOLUME way down.

DAISY'S VOICE hails him from a room at the rear.

DAISY'S VOICE

Who's that?

LON

Lon.

DAISY'S VOICE

Oh, hi, Lonnie. I'm back here makin' chili. You want breakfast, I'll come out.

LON

No, thanks. Daisy, you seen my Uncle Hud?

DAISY'S VOICE

I chicken-fried him a steak last night around seven o'clock. I haven't seen him since.

LON

All right.

(Opens the pie case)

I'm takin' two doughnuts, Daisy.

DAISY'S VOICE

Okay, honey. Leave a dime on the register.

Lon puts down a coin and goes out, cramming doughnut into his mouth.

3-12-62

5. EXT. MAIN STREET

The boy comes out wiping powdered sugar down the sides of his jeans. Mister SKAAGS, wearing an apron and a frown, is standing in front of "Skaags Bar and Grill", stretching brown tape over what remains of a broken plate glass window.

LON

You musta had quite a brawl in here last night.

SKAAGS

(Sourly)  
I had Hud in here last night is what I had.

LON

(Sympathetically)

Sure looks it.

The boy recrosses the road, looking both ways for some sign of his uncle. He ambles around a corner.

6. EXT. SIDE STREET

LARKER, one of the locals, is up on a ladder, stringing a canvas sign across the road which announces the coming of the annual rodeo. The man greets Lon as he appears.

LARKER

Hey, there, Lon.

LON

How are you, Mister Larker?

LARKER

You gonna rodeo this year, Lon?

LON

(Shakes his head)

Not me. I'm not lookin' to get my stomach stepped on.

LARKER

What're you doin' in town this early?

LON

Tryin' to run down Hud.

LARKER

Hud? Didn't I see that big Cadillac

6. (Cont'd)

LARKER (Cont'd)  
car of his parked right around the  
corner? Pretty sure I did.

Lon nods and starts away. Larker calls after him  
warningly.

LARKER  
I don't know if I'd go disturbin'  
him, if I was you.

LON  
(Uneasy enough as it is)  
Well, I'm not dying to. But I've  
been told to get him.

He goes down the street and turns another corner.

7. EXT. SCANLON HOUSE

The car he is looking for is parked at the curb in front  
of a quiet, shuttered house. Directly in the middle of  
the path leading to the door is a woman's high-heeled  
shoe. Lon picks it up and turns it around in his hands  
thoughtfully. Then he goes up on the porch and puts the  
shoe down very gently. He raises a fist to knock --  
but thinks better of it. He backs away uncertainly,  
off the porch and down the path again. While mulling  
over what to do he reaches in and turns the radio OFF  
completely.

Finally he calls out tentatively.

LON  
Hud?

The street is very still. He gets louder.

LON  
Hud!

He waits a while and then with sudden resolution leans  
inside the car and HITS the horn.

This brings results at last. Hud comes out, stuffing  
his shirt-tail into his pants.

HUD BANNON is in his thirties. He is an easy, careless  
man, with eyes that have the disconcerting trick of re-  
maining too steadily on people and objects. There is no  
suggestion at the moment that his nerves can tighten  
like wire around a hay bale, that he trusts nobody.

7.

(Cont'd)

When Hud is interested and cares to be, he is as good as the best and more reckless than the wildest of the thousand wild-ass cowboys in the Texas cattle country.

HUD

(Evenly)

Honcho, I hope for your sake that this house is on fire.

LON

I'm sorry to roust you out, but we got some trouble at the ranch.

HUD

Bub, you got trouble right here. I was just gettin' nicely tucked in, when you come tiptoeing through the tulips.

LON

(Doggedly)

Granddad wants you. He said right now.

HUD

He said right now, did he?

(With easy sarcasm)

You think maybe it would be all right with my old daddy if I stopped to button up my shirt?

LON

Come on, willya, Hud?

HUD

You got me out of the wrong side of the bed this morning. So don't snap at my heels. I'm liable to turn around and bite you.

Hud takes out a pocket comb and begins to comb his tousled head, moving toward car. At that moment an old Buick turns into the driveway and stops. JOE SCANLON gets out, pulling a heavy suitcase with him. He stares in disbelief at the two men, his face hardening suspiciously.

SCANLON

Which one of you two is comin' out of my house at six o'clock in the morning!

(Continued)

7. (Cont'd)

HUD  
(Pleasantly)  
Joe, how are you?

SCANLON  
I asked you a question! Which one,  
dammit!

HUD  
I hate to have to tell you, seein'  
as how it's my own nephew, but it's  
this snot-nosed kid here.  
(Lon pales)  
I've been lookin' for him all night.  
Just flushed him out a couple of  
minutes ago.

SCANLON  
I'll kill the little punk!

HUD  
(Barring his way)  
Simmer down, Joe --

SCANLON  
Get out of my way, Hud!

LON  
(Desperately)  
Wait a minute, Mister Scanlon --

SCANLON  
Just lemme at that kid --

Scanlon, his fists doubled, bumps against Bud in his eagerness to get at Lon, who has ducked defensively behind his uncle.

HUD  
Now, Joe, you know you got sugar  
diabetes. You just take it easy.  
I'll handle this thing for you.

SCANLON  
I don't need any help from you.  
I'll do it myself!

HUD  
You can't afford to let yourself  
get worked up like that, old buddy.  
I'll cut off his cock-a-doodle-doo,  
I promise you that.

(Continued)

7. (Cont'd)

HUD

(To Lon, still  
shielding him)  
Come on, hotrod! Move. You and  
I are gonna finish this little  
discussion in the woodshed!

He shoves Lon roughly into the car. Scanlon stands  
fuming on the pavement as Hud guns the Cadillac and  
LURCHES away from the house.

8. INT. CAR - (MOVING SHOT)

Hud smiles to himself as he wheels the car onto the  
highway and heads for home. Lon is indignant.

LON

Thanks! Thanks a whole lot!

HUD

Relax. You're gonna be able  
to charge a stud fee by the time  
this story gets around town.

LON

If I'm still alive. I coulda got  
hurt back there, you know that?

HUD

So could I.

(He grins)

Ain't it lucky you were handy?

The boy smiles ruefully at last. He sues for the  
friendship he longs to have from this man.

LON

Maybe you ought to take me along  
as a regular thing.

HUD

(Shakes his head)

The pace would kill you, sonny.

Hud feeds the gas and the car leaps ahead on the empty  
road.

HUD

Now that the dust has settled, what's  
so red hot important that my daddy  
has to drag me back on my day off?

8. (Cont'd)

LON

He wants to ask your advice  
about something.

Mention of the old man seems to darken Hud's mood.

HUD

Ask me? He hasn't asked me about  
anything in fifteen years. I just  
work out there from the shoulders  
down, myself.

LON

(Uneasily)

Well, don't get sore about it.

(A slight silence)

You gonna be able to make it all  
day, after a night like you put in?

HUD

I ain't a hundred years old,  
like him. I don't need a week of  
sleep to be fresh.

LON

(Quietly)

He can't help being an old  
man, Hud.

HUD

(Abruptly)

Give me that bottle of Hiram Walker  
in the dash. There's a glass in  
there, too.

Lon does as he is told, pouring a shot in an ordinary  
water glass.

HUD

Fill it.

The boy fills it. He passes the brimming glass to  
Hud, who raises it in a toast.

HUD

Up the Ancient Mariner.

Hud drinks, and then he drives with one hand on the  
wheel and holds the glass of whiskey negligently with  
the other.

(Continued)



## 8. (Cont'd)

Every time the car jolts over a cattle guard, four empty whiskey bottles on the back seat CLINK and chatter. Lon looks over his shoulder at the litter, then glances at the speedometer, now touching a hundred miles an hour and still rising.

LON

(Softly)

You sure drive this thing, don't you.

HUD

(Quietly)

Scared?

(Lon shrugs)

You ought to be. I'm stoned.

9. EXT. THE HIGHWAY - FULL SHOT

The pink Cadillac chews up the road, hurtling to the horizon. Far up ahead it turns suddenly, glinting in the sun, and speeds the final stretch to the Bannon house.

10. EXT. BANNON HOUSE

as the car roars in. Hud hits the brakes and burns gravel right up to the shade trees in the front yard.

11. INT. KITCHEN BANNON HOUSE

HOMER BANNON, Lon's Granddad, Hud's father, puts down his coffee cup. He addresses ALMA, housekeeper and cook.

GRANDDAD

That'll be Hud.

ALMA

He's parked right in my flower bed.

Homer is in his eighties, the sandy hair of his head still thick as ever. He is one of the last of his breed, a man of simplicity, ethic, and iron obligation.

Alma Brown is a tall woman, shapely, comfortable and

(Continued)

11. (Cont'd)

pretty. She has an indulgent knowledge of the world, and it makes for a flat, humorous, candid manner. At the moment she is mixing batter near the sink, a cigarette in her mouth.

Hud and Lon enter. There is always tension when Hud and Granddad face each other, though the old man's attitude is almost invariably polite and mild.

GRANDDAD

Good mornin', Hud. Close the screen door, Lonnie -- we're gettin' a lot of flies in here.

HUD

(Sarcastic)

Well, I see the house is still standin'. And you're pourin' coffee in your saucer, same as usual. How come you pushed the panic button on me?

GRANDDAD

I was sorry to cut into your time off, but we come up with a dead heifer in the night. I'm kinda curious about what killed her.

HUD

Was she cut or crippled looking? Any swelling on her? Could have been a snake bite.

GRANDDAD

Nothing like that at all. That's what kinda worries me. This may be something I need to know about. Jesse and Jose are out there now keepin' off the buzzards.

ALMA

(Abruptly)

Stay out of those berries, Lon. They're going in the pie.

Lon has absently put his hand in a bowl of fruit; he withdraws it hastily.

HUD

Well, let's not stand around here till dinner. I got other things to do today. Let's go look at that carcass.

(Continued)

11. (Cont'd)

GRANDAD

(Rising)

I'll go bring the pickup around.

The old man walks out. Lon hesitates a moment and then follows him. Hud pours himself coffee and gulps it hurriedly.

ALMA

How come you're always running your car over my zinnias? I've been trying to get those things to come up for two weeks.

HUD

Don't plant 'em where I park.

ALMA

You're cheerful this morning.

HUD

(Irritably)

Missy, your job is to keep house, not to worry about my disposition. And watch that cigarette ash -- it's going in the pie dough.

ALMA

(Calmly flicks the ash in the sink)

Pan's still on. Want a couple of fried eggs? Or did you have breakfast in bed?

HUD

(Dryly)

No, we hadn't quite gotten around to breakfast.

The truck can be heard HONKING at the door. Hud puts his cup in the sink and goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

12. INT. PICKUP - (MOVING SHOT)-- (DAY)

Lon is driving toward the big pasture, Hud and

(Continued)

12. (Cont'd)

Granddad up front with him. The land is beautiful at this time of year; the mesquite has leafed out, the early oat fields are green.

LON

Those bare spots seem to be shrinking away. We got new grass comin' up now.

GRANDDAD

We had it dry enough around here for seven years. I told you to be patient, didn't I?

LON

You told me.

GRANDDAD

What people don't understand is that nature'll always work her own cures, if they'll just be patient enough, and give her time.

There is a slight silence. Hud shades his eyes.

HUD

I wish you'da cut loose from fifty more dollars and got tinted glass in this buggy. I'm fryin' in my own grease.

GRANDDAD

Tinted glass wouldn't help. Besides, I might not've had it to cut loose from.

HUD

Sure you did. Fifty times fifty.

Lon is uncomfortable with Hud in an arguing mood; as always, he finds himself and his loyalties in the middle. But nothing more is said. They bump onto the big pasture.

13.

EXT. PASTURE

The truck stops and the three men get out. JESSE and JOSE, the two cowhands, have been sitting beside the carcass. They rise as Granddad greets them.

3-12-62

(Continued)

13. (Cont'd)

GRANDAD

Good mornin', boys.

JESSE

Mister Bannon...

(Points to the buzzards)

Hard to keep them birds off.

Had to use a flashlight most of the night.

There are about fifty in the trees around, nodding their scabby bald heads and raising their wings. A few, more bold, waddle cautiously toward the heifer.

Hud suddenly drags a rifle out of the truck and begins to SHOOT, working the pump-action as fast as he can, six or eight shots before he runs out of bullets. Three of the buzzards are dead, the rest rise from the limbs of the trees like springboard divers.

HUD

(Disgusted)

Look at those buzzards.

You couldn't keep 'em scared off with artillery.

GRANDAD

(Mildly)

Wish you wouldn't do that.

They keep the country clean.

Besides, there's a law against killin' buzzards.

HUD

I always say the law was meant to be interpreted in a lenient manner. That's what I try to do myself. Sometimes I lean to one side of it, sometimes I lean to the other.

GRANDAD

(Gently)

I don't like to break the law on my place, Hud.

(Continued)

13. (Cont'd)

Hud gives him a strange grin. Then all five of them squat down around the carcass, studying it in silence.

GRANDDAD

I don't know. I don't know.  
Beats me.

HUD

(Abruptly)

Well, she's not gonna sit up and tell us herself, so I'm gonna open her up.

He takes a long knife from the truck and begins the operation. Jose holds his nose.

JOSE

Now's when we all need clothespins.

While Hud works, the old man takes out his pocket-knife and whittles on a dry stem of ragweed. The lines in his face are deep, like ruts in a road. After a while Hud throws the knife down.

HUD

Well, I don't know the answer. She looks clean to me.

GRANDDAD

Something killed her.

HUD

You've lost a lot of cattle at one time or another in your life. One dead heifer shouldn't discourage you too much.

GRANDDAD

I think I'll call up the state vet. He might know.

HUD

I'm against it. I'm against gettin' involved with the government, any time, any place, anywhere. Get smart. Call the hide and rendering plant and have them come and get this heifer. She just died last evening. She's still fresh enough to make soap.

3-12-62

(Continued)

13. (Cont'd)

The two men's eyes meet. Granddad speaks softly as always.

GRANDDAD

Oh, I don't believe I will.

(Slight pause)

Before I go to bed, I'll call the government man and ask him to come out and take a look at it.

HUD

That's the stuff. Bring in some jelly bean to tell you how to run your own business. But don't bother askin' me what I think from now on.

GRANDDAD

I'd like for you and Lon to stay out here a while. I'll take these boys back with me so they can snooze a little.

(Hands Hud a metal can  
out of the truck)

You take this water can, so you won't parch.

Jesse and Jose climb in with Granddad and the three men drive back across the pasture, leaving Hud and Lon alone. The boy watches his uncle gravely.

HUD

You can sit up with our sick friend here. I got a healthy one in town that won't wait.

He yanks the boy's Stetson down over his ears and starts blithely away.

Lon pushes his hat back, reaches in idly to turn on his transistor. The SOUND of "Driftwood on the River" TRUMPETS out. The boy sits hugging his knees beside the dead heifer, listening to the music, an isolated figure in the big pasture.

DISSOLVE TO:

14.

EXT. THALIA - (DAY)

The pickup truck from the ranch is broken down at the curb with a flat tire. Jesse is in the background, wrestling a wheel off. Alma is half-seated on a

(Continued)

14.

(Cont'd)

fender, chin in her hand, two large bags of groceries piled in her lap. She catches sight of Hud's car and jumps up to wave at him.

ALMA

Hey! Hey, stop, will you!

15.

EXT. HUD'S CAR

Hud pulls up. Alma hoists the heavy bags and staggers over to him.

ALMA

It's a good thing you showed up.  
We blew a tire on the pickup, and  
I gotta get this stuff back for  
dinner.

Meanwhile she is trying to get the door open, balancing one of the bags on her knee. Hud sits unconcerned behind the wheel.

ALMA (Cont'd)

You think your hand'd fall off  
if you opened the door?

He calmly pushes the door open for her, but makes no attempt to help.

16.

INT. HUD'S CAR

as Alma falls into the front seat beside him in a welter of groceries.

ALMA

Oh, God! I think the eggs are  
on the bottom!

Hud starts up again and heads for the highway, while she rearranges her things and settles back. The inevitable cigarette goes into her mouth.

(Continued)



16. (Cont'd)

HUD

Did you pick up my beer?

ALMA

Two six-packs. That ought to see you till tomorrow.

HUD

You keepin' count on me?

ALMA

I'm always trippin' over those empties, I know that.

He looks at her coolly. They drive in silence a while. Her nose twitches.

ALMA (Cont'd)

Boy, somebody in this car smells of Chanel Number Five. It isn't me -- I can't afford it.

(An amused, sidelong glance)  
You sure weren't riding the range this afternoon, were you?

HUD

You bein' smart?

ALMA

No. I just wish I knew where some gals get the time during the day.

(Shakes her head)  
I don't know. By the time I get through scrubbing that kitchen floor, cleaning the bathtub and hanging out the wash...

HUD

[ They just drop everything, honey. ]

ALMA

(Shrugs)

Well, I suppose it does beat housework.

She reaches into one of the bags.

ALMA (Cont'd)

Want an orange? Peel it for you.

(Starts peeling one)

Look at that. Says "Florida" on it. We grow 'em right here in Texas and they send 'em all the way in from Florida. That makes sense, doesn't it?

(Continued)

16.

(Cont'd)

She breaks off a segment of orange, pops it into her mouth. She speaks with a mouth full.

ALMA (Cont'd)

(Casually)

The checker in the A and P market says it's Trumen Peters' wife you're seeing.

HUD

Is that what he says?

ALMA

He says she's got a bad temper. He says her maid quit her cause she hollers so much.

HUD

Well, our maid's gonna get canned for talkin' too much.

She shrugs again, dips in the bag, rips open a Nabisco package.

ALMA

You want a fig newton?

HUD

Leave somethin' there for dinner, will you?

She puts the package back wryly, looking at him, still amused. He watches the road, speeding for home.

DISSOLVE TO:

17.

INT. KITCHEN - BANNON HOUSE - (NIGHT)

The kitchen is steamy, windows open wide, bull bats swooping toward the light and striking against the screen. Alma has served Lon and Granddad dinner, slouching through the meal with easy grace in her runover bedroom slippers. The boy swirls his last hunk of bread in the last drops of gravy on his plate.

ALMA

I don't believe it. You're still eating bread? -- after I gave you steak and flour gravy and hominy, and fried okra and onions and hot rolls?

3-12-62

(Continued)

17. (Cont'd)

LON

(Grins)

It looked like a lot when we sat down, but it sure melted away.

GRANDDAD

Hud didn't want any dinner?

ALMA

(Dryly)

He's prettying up. Said he'd eat later.

LON

What's for dessert?

ALMA

You think a big freezerful of peach ice cream'll hold you?

LON

Boy, I been waitin' all winter for those locker-plant Alberta peaches.

ALMA

(Grinning)

Is that what you been waiting all winter for, sugar? What about all those peachy pin-ups you keep hidden in with your shorts and socks?

LON

That's my private drawer! You stay out of there.

ALMA

I'm a girl, honey. They don't do a-thing for me.

(Back to the sink)

I'll dish out your ice cream and you have it on the front porch. It's cooler.

GRANDDAD

That'll be fine.

Lon lets Granddad go out first. Alma is standing all spraddle-legged as she bends to lift the freezer, and Lon gives her the hip as he goes by. But she straightens too quickly and he misses.

17. (Cont'd)

ALMA

(Laughs)

Go on, before you wet your didy.

Lon smiles and follows the old man.

Hud's VOICE is suddenly heard from the top of the stairs.

HUD'S VOICE

Alma, get me a clean shirt.

ALMA

(Calling back)

You're real big with Please and  
Thank You, aren't you?

HUD'S VOICE

Please get off your lazy butt and  
get me a clean shirt, thank you.

She wipes her hands on a dish towel and goes out.

18. INT. HUD'S BEDROOM

Hud is snapping a polishing rag over his boots as Alma  
enters with a freshly ironed shirt.

ALMA

I had a little trouble getting the  
lipstick out of this one.

HUD

Yeah? Well, let's try the brand  
you're wearin'. Maybe it'll wash  
out easier.

ALMA

(Calmly)

Let's not.

HUD

You're not gettin' any younger.  
What're you savin' it for?

ALMA

(Shortly)

Tabs are in the collar.

She goes out. Hud looks after her, beginning to be  
intrigued.

19.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Granddad is in a cord-bottomed chair, Lon on the steps below him. Both are quiet and reflective.

GRANDDAD

Well, there's another day turnin'  
into night...

A whippoorwill SINGS out nearby.

LON

Hear the whippoorwill?

GRANDDAD

I think there's two of 'em.

LON

I've never seen one of those birds  
in my whole life. All you do is  
hear 'em call across the flat...

A calf BAWLS somewhere in the night. A big diesel  
truck GROWLS far off on the highway.

GRANDDAD

What're you thinkin' about, Lon?

LON

Oh...I don't know. Just lookin'  
up ahead, I guess. You know. To  
what's coming.

GRANDDAD

Thinkin' about your worries and  
your ambitions, are you?

LON

Yeah, that. And havin' a car of  
my own to tear around in...and  
girls...

GRANDDAD

I expect you'll have your share of  
what's good. A boy like you  
deserves it.

Lon looks at him gratefully.

GRANDDAD

Feels like it's gettin' to be my  
bed-time.

(Continued)

19. (Cont'd)

He takes out his old silver pocket watch and looks at it. Lon reaches across and points to the picture of a young man pasted inside the lid.

LON

My Dad sure looks like his collar was chokin' him.

GRANDDAD

Those were his Sunday best.

LON

I don't remember him any.

GRANDDAD

(Painfully)

I do.

Lon hesitates a moment.

LON

You don't carry a picture of Hud around with you.

GRANDDAD

No, I don't.

LON

(Slowly)

But he's your son -- same as my dad was.

GRANDDAD

Yes, he is.

LON

(Troubled)

You two sure lock horns.

(Pauses)

What're you holdin' against him, Granddad?

GRANDDAD

(Flat)

He knows. And you don't need to.

He snaps the watch shut, as though closing a door on something. Alma comes out with a bowl of ice cream for each of them.

ALMA

Here you go.

(Continued)

19. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD  
Aren't you havin' any?

ALMA  
Too many calories. I'm trying  
to lose a couple of pounds.

While the men begin to spoon their dessert, she wanders  
to the porch swing and sinks down with a sigh.

ALMA (Cont'd)  
If you don't mind, Mister Barmon,  
I'm going to leave the dishes for  
later. I've got to get off these  
feet.

GRANDDAD  
Kitchen's your department, Alma.

ALMA  
Well, I've seen enough of it for  
today.

She lights a cigarette. Hud comes out from the house  
and joins them. He helps himself to a spoonful of  
Lon's ice cream.

HUD  
Hey, that's pretty good.

This time he takes the bowl and begins eating it  
himself.

GRANDDAD  
Hud, you plannin' to go back into  
town tonight?

HUD  
I didn't dress up to sit on this  
front porch and listen to the frogs  
mate.

GRANDDAD  
The vet won't be here too early.  
We don't have to get up till six  
or so.

The swing SQUEAKS as Alma rocks back and forth, her  
handsome brown legs sprawled out carelessly. Both Hud  
and Lon watch her. She pulls at the front of her  
loose, floppy blouse.

(Continued)

in

HUD

24.

19.

(Cont'd)

ALMA

Whew. You can't get much air through this nylon.

LON

You ought to go around in a sarong, like they do in the South Seas.

ALMA

(Dryly)

Yeah, that'd be a lot of laughs.

HUD

You're half native already. I haven't seen you in a pair of shoes since you came to work here.

ALMA

I wore 'em once. I think it was to get married in. White satin pumps.

(Shrugs)

Don't have them anymore or the man either.

HUD

Well, I'm gonna hit for town. Alma, you wanta blow some foam off some beer?

ALMA

No, thanks. If I can ever get up out of this swing, I'm gonna set some biscuits and go to bed.

HUD

(Drawling)

[ I'll settle for half of that action. ]

She glances at him coolly. He is grinning. Lon interrupts eagerly.

LON

I'll go with you, Hud.

HUD

What big deal have you got lined up in town -- a Sno Cone or something?

LON

(Lamely)

Just thought I'd catch a ride with you.

3-12-62

(Continued)



in

HUD

25.

19.

(Cont'd)

HUD

All right, honcho. Come on. Let's make tracks.

LON

(Turns deferentially)  
You didn't want me for anything, did you, Granddad?

GRANDDAD

No, you go on along if you like.  
(Pauses)

Hud.

HUD

Sir?

GRANDDAD

(Pointedly)  
You let Lon drive.

HUD

Why certainly. Anything you say.

He makes an elaborate gesture of handing the keys to Lon. The two men get in and the Cadillac wheels slowly out of the yard.

20.

INT. CAR - (MOVING SHOT)

LON

(Puzzled)  
What was that all about?

HUD

That's a story I'll tell you some day when I'm drunk.

Hud's manner has changed. He has become withdrawn, moody.

HUD

Come on, gig this thing a little, will you?

Lon accelerates. They go in silence. The boy automatically reaches into his shirt pocket and turns on his radio. The STRAINS of "Honey Love" fill the car.

(Continued)

3-12-62

in.

HUD

[26.]

20. (Cont'd)

HUD

(Irritably)

Kill that radio.

Lon turns it OFF. Another silence.

LON

It's a lonesome ol' night, isn't it?

HUD

(Flat)

Aren't they all?

Both of them turn their heads to look across the prairie at the Zephyr.

21. REVERSE SHOT - THE ZEPHYR

The train flies by in the distance, the hundred lighted windows of the passenger cars vivid in the night. The whistle BLOWS, cutting across the dark prairie like the whistling train itself.

22. INT. CAR - (MOVING SHOT)

LON

Boy, I love that sound. It goes right through me.

HUD

(Puncturing)

Scares the hell out of the cattle.

LON

You know what trains always make me think about?

HUD

No, but I got a strong feeling you're gonna tell me.

LON

(Backing off)

I guess I just like 'em, that's all...

The boy subsides, stealing a glance at his uncle now and then. The lights of Thalia are just ahead, bright against the dark sky.

3-12-62

(Continued)

22. (Cont'd)

Lon drives into the square, circles it, and parks in front of the light bulbs and cardboard posters of the picture show.

23. EXT. THALIA

As they get out, Hud taking the keys from Lon and pocketing them. The sight of Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette on the poster engages Hud's attention for a moment. He shakes his head.

HUD

Look at the size of that silver-mounted saddle. You couldn't lift that hunk of junk on a horse with a crane.

LON

I heard Gene Autry was to the rodeo in Dallas once. Hermy saw him in person.

Hud starts across the street and Lon lopes along at his side. Hud stops.

HUD

Where do you think you're goin'?

LON

Just taggin' along.

HUD

Not with me, you ain't. You go tie on a couple of Doctor Peppers. I'll see you.

Hud disappears into the bar without a backward glance and Lon is left alone on the curb, looking after him. As always, the boy is pulled two different ways: fear of Hud on the one hand, and a longing to associate himself with the swagger and maleness of his uncle's life. Lon goes toward the store.

24. EXT. STORE

A couple of old women are rocking on the porch, in front of the R.C. Cola thermometers and the Garrett snuff signs, as Lon comes ambling up the steps with nothing to do. He moseys inside.

25. INT. STORE

Lon twirls the paperback rack a time or two and idly picks up "From Here To Eternity." KIRBY, the proprietor, addresses him.

KIRBY

Read that one?

LON

(Nodding)

Twice. That's about the best book you ever got on your paperback stand.

KIRBY

Pretty steamy, ain't it?

LON

Oh, I don't know. The people in it seem a lot like the ones I see.

KIRBY

Didya read the part where the sergeant gets her for the first time?

LON

Yeah, I read that part.

The boy is embarrassed. He puts the book down and takes another. As he browses,

DISSOLVE TO:

## 26. OMITTED

27. EXT. BAR - (MOVING SHOT)

Hud is just coming out as Lon approaches. The boy falls into step beside him.

HUD

I'm seein' an awful lot of you for one night.

LON

I'm just headed for the square, is all.

(Continued)

27. (Cont'd)

LON (Cont'd)

(After a moment)  
Where're you headed?

HUD

(Flatly)

Well, just to keep you up to date,  
I'm makin' my way to Missus Ruby  
Fletcher's house.

(Glances at him)

I don't think that's a house you're  
likely to've heard very much about.

LON

(Self-consciously)

I've heard some...

(Then more strongly)

I'm out of my three-cornered pants,  
you know. I have been for some  
time.

HUD

What are you, hotrod? A big  
seventeen?

LON

Be eighteen in December.

HUD

Now lemme see. When I was seven-  
teen, I never got enough of  
anything. That was the summer  
you were born. Your Ma died and  
your Daddy was feelin' pretty wild  
about things. We bought us a '27  
Chevy, and kept it tied together  
with bairlin' wire. We made every  
square dance and rodeo and honky-  
tonk in the country, and I don't  
know which I run the hardest --  
that car or the country girls that  
showed up at the dances. I do-  
ced and chased those girlish butts  
around many a circle that summer.

LON

(Gravely)

I wish I had something wild and  
exciting to do.

HUD

You kiddin'? You couldn't handle  
more'n a dime's worth.

27. (Cont'd)

Hud STOPS. They have come to a Gothic Victorian house on a side street. The shades are drawn against blazing windows, a light glows on the front porch. The SOUND of a woman's laughter reaches them. Hud grins at Lon.

HUD

Well, fantan. Comin' in with me?

Lon shakes his head. It is not fear, but a simple, young dignity that holds him back.

LON

No, I guess not.

HUD

(Understanding)

That's right. You stay out in the fresh air. It's healthier.

(Continued)

27. (Cont'd)

He strolls into the house. There is another BURST of laughter as the door opens to admit him. It closes again. Lon remains on the dark street, fascinated in spite of himself, curious, feeling already a faint regret. But he shrugs and wanders off alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

28. EXT. TOWN SQUARE - (NIGHT)

Lon sits in the deserted square with a group of friends, HERMY, DUMB BILLY, GEORGE, and DONALD. They are a bored, restless crew with time on their hands and no place to expend the energy stored up during the week.

GEORGE

We just gonna sit here?

HERMY

I ain't just sittin' here. I'm watchin' that stop light turn from red to green, from green to red, from red to green, and so forth.

DUMB BILLY

You got your pickup?

HERMY

Yeah.

DUMB BILLY

Let's make it through town a couple of times. We might scare up some girls.

HERMY

You're dreamin', man. You could cruise through this town a thousand times and not see a good-lookin' girl.

DUMB BILLY

Who said good-lookin'? I wouldn't back away from any little chicken of frying size. Not tonight.

DONALD

I wish we could go someplace. I'd like to go to Forth Worth, or someplace like that.

28. (Cont'd)

HERMY

I don't want no Fort Worth. I just want to catch up with something in a skirt in the next half hour or so.

DONALD

You boys don't know what it is. You oughta live in Oklahoma City. Man, up there you have to fight to keep them off.

GEORGE

Is that how you got so tough?

DONALD

That's how.

(Sighs)

Man, this town is nowhere. Nowhere, U.S.A. Deadbutt County, Texas.

GEORGE

I wondered how you got so tough.

DONALD

I'm not the toughest. But I know I can whip your tail.

GEORGE

You got it to whip.

DONALD

Start it.

GEORGE

You start it. I'll end it.

LON

(Interrupting)

What are you fightin' for?

DONALD

(A polite inquiry)

You don't want us to fight?

LON

It's kid stuff. Neither one of you are sore at each other.

DONALD

That's right, we ain't, come to think of it. So how'd it be if we all took you on?

(Continued)



28. (Cont'd)

All of them jump Lon with shouts and whoops. It is a shoving, pushing roughhouse. Though not really a fight, Lon still finds himself overwhelmed. He goes sprawling, gets up, is knocked silly again. Each time he rises the others cheerfully bat him down again.

GEORGE

(Happily)

It ain't much of a fight, but at least somethin's happenin'...

Hud comes by, on his way to his car and home. He takes note of the brawl with the disinterested spectator's detachment. His nephew, on the bottom of the pile, looks to him for help.

LON

(Gasping)

Hey, Hud!

HUD

(Lighting a cigarette,  
amused)

You tryin' to tell me something?

LON

It's four against one. I'm outnumbered!

HUD

(Mildly)

Yeah, I can see that.

The boys roll off Lon and the fight peters out in satisfied exhaustion. Lon rises, groggy.

LON

I'm goin' home before I get killed.

He weaves toward the Cadillac and gets in, nursing a bloody nose. Hud starts the car.

29. INT. CAR - (MOVING SHOT)

The four boys drop away in the rear view mirror, and uncle and nephew drive back home across the black prairie.

HUD

You gonna have that nosebleed on my good upholstery?

29. (Cont'd)

LON

(Sore)

Well, I don't know where else  
to have it!

(Covers his nose with  
a handkerchief)

Remind me never to sing out your  
name when I'm in trouble, will you?

HUD

That was your fight, not mine.

Lon looks at him strangely.

LON

I'd like to know somethin', Hud.  
When does it ever get around to  
bein' your fight?

HUD

Why, hotrod, I think you're a little  
bit disappointed in me. You don't  
want to go hollerin' "Uncle" every  
time you get in a crack, do you?

LON

(Stiffly)

No, I reckon I don't.

HUD

(Cheerfully)

You'll find yourself whistlin'  
Dixie if you do.

LON

(After a slight pause)

You sure do live in a dog-eat-dog  
world, don't you?

HUD

(Amiably)

That's the place.

They stop talking. Hud is smiling to himself a little.

DISSOLVE TO:

30. INT. LON'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

3-12-62

(Continued)

30. (Cont'd)

Moonlight laces across the old pine floor. Lon is fast asleep; the heat has forced him to shed his blankets and he wears only his shorts. He suddenly sits up on his bed with a start. He sniffs the air and then springs up, galvanized, running out.

31. INT. GRANDDAD'S BEDROOM

The old man is slumped asleep in his ancient four-poster bed. He has left a reading light burning, a book is tumbled aside. The pillow beside his head is smoldering, the pipe that has slipped from his hand still burning.

Lon bursts in, yanks the pillow unceremoniously and begins beating out the fire. Granddad awakes with the vacant, bewildered air of the very old.

GRANDDAD

What's the matter, Lon?...what time is it?...

LON

Pretty close to three.

Now the old man notices what the boy is doing.

GRANDDAD

Did I go and do that?

LON

You must've fallen off with your pipe still lit.

GRANDDAD

That's a damn fool trick. Must be gettin' toward my dotage or somethin'.

(Smiles)

I was born in this bed. I'd hate to burn it up.

LON

(Worried)

You're all right, aren't you?

GRANDDAD

I'm all right, Lonnie. A little bit chagrined, maybe. That's all.

3-12-62

(Continued)

31.

(Continued)

LOW

Well...I guess it's out. If you're okay I'll go on back to bed.

GRANDDAD

Lonnie --

LOW

. Yes, sir.

GRANDDAD

Hud's got the idea my wits aren't as sharp as they used to be.

(Slowly)

No need to mention this to him.

LOW

I won't.

But it is too late, for Hud stands in the open doorway in his pajamas, surveying the scene, regarding his father thoughtfully.

HUD

Oh, let's not go keepin' secrets from ol' Hud.

GRANDDAD

I was just a little careless, that's all. Doesn't amount to anything.

HUD

You tell it that way, if it makes you feel any better.

He turns abruptly and goes. Lon looks anxiously at his grandfather.

LOW

Hud's got no business talkin' to you like that.

GRANDDAD

(Wearily)

You go on, now. Let's finish out the night's rest.

(Continued)

31. (Cont'd)

The boy is held by a hurting tenderness for the gaunt, old man stretched out on the bed. He puts out the light slowly, closes the door softly behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

32. INT. LON'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

Alma shakes the sleeping boy, trying to rouse him. He lies under a single sheet, dead to the world.

ALMA

Hey, wake up. Come on, Lonnie.

(He groans)

Come on, open your eyes. You gonna stay here till dinner time?

LON

Whaddaya want?

ALMA

I want you to get off the bed. I can't stand here wrestling around with you all morning.

LON

(Grins slowly)

Why not? I kinda like it.

ALMA

I'll bet you do. But that's enough out of you now. Get up.

LON

Can't do that, Alma.

ALMA

Are you sleeping in the raw again?

LON

Uh-huh.

ALMA

I got two pair of nice iron cotton pajamas in there. How come you're not using them?

32.

(Cont'd)

LON

I don't know. They strangle me.  
(Lies in bed watching her)  
What do you sleep in?

ALMA

In my own room, with the door locked.

LON

Ever wear those little shortie things?

ALMA

What kind of a question is that?

LON

Just wonder.

ALMA

Does your mind usually run in that direction?

LON

Yeah, it seems to.

ALMA

Boys with impure thoughts come out in acne, you know that?

LON

That's all bull, Alma.

ALMA

Keep it up, you'll see.

She goes out. Her VOICE calls back to him from the hall:

ALMA'S VOICE

Hurry up. The vet's coming this morning.

He lies blankly for a moment and then, as he remembers he leaps out of bed and starts pulling on his jeans.

DISSOLVE TO:

33.

EXT. PASTURE - (DAY)

The heifer seems shrunken now, green flies getting what the buzzards could not. BURRIS and THOMSON,

(Continued)

33.

(Cont'd)

the vets, square-cut men with medical badges pinned to their jackets, hunker around the carcass with all the men from the ranch. Burris has rubber gloves on and is carefully cutting out the cow's tongue and putting it in a bottle he has in his bag.

BURRIS

Let's get away from this stink.  
I've got all I need. We can  
go to the shade and talk cool.

34.

EXT. UNDER A TREE

As the party moves over under its branches. Granddad finds a little stick and begins to whittle. He sits with his brown hat pulled way down over his forehead, looking tired and old but determined.

BURRIS

Mister Bannon, I'm gonna ask you  
to get your cattle together. All  
of 'em. We're gonna have to make  
an inspection.

GRANDDAD

Inspection for what?

BURRIS

For what killed that heifer. I  
hope I'm wrong, but I'm very much  
afraid you've got the worst kind  
of trouble a cattleman can have.

(Pauses)

I think that cow died of hoof-and-  
mouth disease.

A silence falls. Hud is impassive, Lon drawn with  
tension.

GRANDDAD

(Softly)

Oh, me. I never thought it would  
be nothin' like that.

HUD

(Flat)

What're we in for? Let's have it.

BURRIS

You-all round up your herds.  
We're gonna have to take some samples,

34. (Cont'd)

BURRIS (Cont'd)  
bring in a few healthy animals  
from the outside and infect  
them artificially, then wait  
and see what happens.

HUD  
Suppose the good ones get sick.  
Then what, mister?

BURRIS  
(Slowly)  
I was hopin' you knew the  
answer to that...

GRANDDAD  
(Bleakly)  
You mean they still kill cattle  
for things like that?

BURRIS  
If it's hoof-and-mouth they do.  
The last bad outbreak in the  
United States, the government had  
to kill about 77,000 cattle, plus  
that many sheep and goats, and  
even 20,000 deer. It's a terrible  
thing.

HUD  
(Caustically)  
Haven't you college men figured  
out any better method than killin',  
in all this time.

BURRIS  
We don't make miracles at  
college.

GRANDDAD  
I bought me two hundred head  
of Mexican ccws. down near Laredo.  
Could they be the bad ones?

BURRIS  
Could be. If they were -- you'll  
have to get rid of every cow that's  
been in contact with 'em.

GRANDDAD  
You're talkin' about all the  
animals I own.

BURRIS  
(Quietly)  
I know I am.

(Continued)

*I guess the  
audience will  
be -- about  
it --*



34. (Cont'd)

BURRIS

(Rising)

I hope I'm wrong. I hope it turns out to be something else, so we won't ever have to talk about it again.

He signals to Thomson. The two men shake hands with Granddad, nod to the others, walk to the old Ford parked nearby. The men are silent as the vets get in and drive away across the pasture. Jesse is the first to speak.

JESSE

Looks like I landed in the wrong place again. Trouble's my middle name.

(No reply from the others)

I oughta stayed on that truck and let it haul me clear to Wyoming...

Foreboding sits heavily on Granddad. Hud turns abruptly to Jesse and Jose.

HUD

You guys get on it. There's fence to fix.

The cowhands look to Granddad; he nods. They swing up on their mounts, tethered in the grass, and gallop across the pasture back toward the ranch. Hud turns on Granddad.

HUD

You gonna let 'em drive your cattle into a pit and shoot 'em? You gonna have your cows shot out from under you on account of a schoolbook disease? You gettin' that old, Homer?

The old man squints at his son.

GRANDDAD

It is hard news. I wonder if a long quarantine wouldn't satisfy them. Think they'd agree to that?

HUD

They don't need you to agree to nothing. They're the law. You can agree with them till hell freezes over for all the good it'll do you.

(Continued)

34. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD

That Mister Burris seemed like a reasonable man.

(Pauses)

Do you think they'd come in and liquidate?

HUD

Hell, yes, they'll liquidate, if you got what they say you got.

(Intensely)

Now you've had twenty-four of my thirty-four years workin' this place. And, daddy, you've had top-grade cheap labor. I shoveled manure out of the barns for you. I midwifed calves, stopped stampedes, strung barbed wire, broke horses, fixed tractors, mended hay balers. You've had my callouses. For what? Your blessings the day you die -- if you ever get around to it, that is.

(Hard)

No, damn it. I want back out of this spread what I put into it.

GRANDDAD

You got a proposal to make to me, Hud?

HUD

Yeah. Get on the telephone tonight and sell every breed cow you own. They haven't got a chain on you yet.

(Continued)

11. (Scene 1)

Both Granddad and Lon stare at him incredulously.

GRANDDAD

Would that be your way of gettin' out of a tight?

HUD

That's my way!

GRANDDAD

I believe you're locoed.

HUD

I can ship the whole herd out before they begin the tests.

GRANDDAD

You mean try and pass bad stuff off on my neighbors, who wouldn't even know what they were gettin'?

HUD

All right, I'll take 'em out of the state, unload 'em up north before the news gets out.

GRANDDAD

And take a chance on startin' an epidemic in this entire country?

HUD

This whole country is run on epidemics -- where've you been? Epidemics of big business price fixin' and crooked TV shows and souped up expense accounts and income tax sinagin'. How many honest people do you know? Take the sinners away from the saints and you'll be lucky to end up with Albert Schweitzer.

(Emphatically)

I say let's us put our bread in some of that gravy while it's still hot!

GRANDDAD

(Very quietly)

You're an unprincipled man, Hud.

Hud sees that he has come up against rock. He leans back on the tree trunk, flips a cigarette into his mouth and smiles. For the moment he retreats into what appears to be good humor.

(Continued)

34. (Cont'd)

HUD

(Drawling)

Don't let that fuss you. You've  
got enough for both of us.

DISSOLVE TO:

35. EXT. ROUND-UP - (DAY)

The men ride through the hot, weedy pastures, pushing the cows and calves out of the shady places where they are resting. There are four smaller pastures as well as the large one and they are all being systematically combed. The herd begins to grow as each man gathers another bunch out of the brush and throws it into the main body.

36. EXT. - VALLEY

Jose and Jesse lope through the high weeds of the valley pasture, the weed pollen swirling up around them.

JOSE

It sure is hot. My shirt  
feels like it come through a  
washing machine without bein'  
wrung out.

JESSE

(Sneezes)

This weed pollen's gonna send me  
right into asthma.

(Sneezes again)

37. EXT. PASTURE

A nervous cow skitters away from the herd. Hud is on her in an instant, cutting his pony sharply, slapping the cow's flanks and maneuvering her back.

38. EXT. HORSE PASTURE TANK

The cows are being driven up the hill toward the house. The horses are lathered from the morning's work and the cows are too hot. The calves have their tongues out, dripping long white strings of slobber into the dust. Every minute or two the old cows try to stop and graze, but Lon whoops down on them and moves them on.

39. EXT. - NEAR THE HOUSE

The cows are drifting into the big horse-pasture tank. The men are as hot and droopy as the cattle. Yellow, choking dust rises in waves.

40. EXT. ROUND-UP - (DAY)

Jesse and Jose prowl through the heavy mesquite thickets. The work in here is harder; the cows hide and must be flushed out one at a time.

JOSE

Cow and a calf -- behind that  
clump of mesquite to your right.

Jesse nods, protects his face, pounds in after them.

41. EXT. ROUND-UP

Lon trots along a brown shelving ridge, shoving through the thick weeds and the blooming green mesquites, throwing a-bunch of cows into the main herd and then turning back for another.

42. EXT. TANK

Hud pushes a bunch down the brown sandy trail to a tank. The old cows wade in up to their bellies, while the big half-yearling calves bawl on the banks.

Hud pauses a moment to light a cigarette, sees something to his left and suddenly spurs over.

43. EXT. BENEATH A TREE

Granddad has dismounted for a moment to sink to the ground and rest, mopping his face with a large handkerchief. Hud rides up and looks down at him from his mount.

GRANDDAD

This afternoon's been a regular  
bitch.

HUD

Are you out of poop?

GRANDDAD

Just havin' a breather.

43. (Cont'd)

HUD

If it's too much for you, why  
don't you go back to the ranch  
and grab yourself a nap?

GRANDDAD

(Quietly)

No. I'll hold up my end of it.

HUD

(A hint of respect)

Yeah, you would, even if it killed  
you.

Granddad rises without speaking, climbs a little  
laboriously into the saddle. Hud watches as he rides  
away, as if measuring him.

DISSOLVE TO:

44.

EXT. PASTURE - (DAY)

Granddad tops a hill. The red sun is dropping cleanly  
down the last few feet of sky. The pasture lies  
under the quietest, stillest light of day. Far below  
him, Jesse drives a herd. The old cows walk slowly,  
their red coats grey to the flank with dust, their  
heads low. Some still carry calves, their sides  
bulging like barrels.

Granddad turns away. He is all alone under the clear  
spread of light.

45.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the old man sees Lon coming toward him, driving  
two longhorn steers, the rangy bridle steers that  
belong to another time, another era.

LON

I found your longhorns out near  
Idiot Ridge.

GRANDDAD

The government's gonna have a  
time tryin' to inspect 'em. Those  
big horns'll never go through a  
chute.

They fall still, watching the powerful, savage-lookin'  
steers.

(Continued)

45. (Cont'd)

LON

There aren't many left in this country, are there?

GRANDDAD

No, they're dyin' out. I just keep 'em for old times' sake. Keep 'em to remind me how things was...

LON

(Joshing him a little)

The good old days, Granddad?

GRANDDAD

Well. They were my young days.

He pauses, brooding, remembering.

GRANDDAD

Many's the time I've taken these creatures a couple of thousand miles on foot to the northern markets. They sustained us both as food and profit. Everything we had came from their hides -- our furniture, our ropes, our clothes, our hats...

(He pauses)

They were tough. They not only fed us and clothed us and housed us - they set us an example of a way to live.

LON

(Suddenly)

Granddad - let's turn 'em loose!

GRANDDAD

(Gently)

Why, no, Lon. That wouldn't be the thing to do. They gotta go along with the rest.

(Continued)

45. (Cont'd)

Grandfather and grandson fall in behind the two longhorns and move forward through the twilight, and Granddad says no more.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT)

Intermission time, and the movie lobby is jammed with young kids in blue jeans, smoking, milling around, pressing up to the candy counter. Lon emerges from the crush balancing two large bags of popcorn. He is jostled by Hermy and loses a good third of a bag.

HERMY

Hey, Lon.

LON

You're spillin' melted butter  
all over me, Hermy.

HERMY

How are you, man?

LON

I'm okay.

HERMY

You know who I'm buyin' a loge  
seat for tonight?

LON

Sure. Kim Novak.

HERMY

Just about as good. Rosalind  
Chatteau. Boy, does she make  
cat tracks on the ceiling!

LON

Well, take it easy -- or any  
way you can get it.

The two friends are parted by the crowd. Lon  
goes back into the theatre.

47. INT. MOVIE HOUSE

(Continued)



47.

(Cont'd)

The lights are still on, the place a hubbub of young people. Lon slips back into his seat beside Granddad.

The old man is fast asleep, his head on his chest. Lon watches him quietly. Granddad comes awake with a start, smothers a jaw-breaking yawn.

LON

I shouldn't've brought you tonight. Not after the day you put in.

GRANDDAD

(Grins)

If the picture show is any good, I'll wake up, don't you worry.

Lon hands him a bag and they sit munching popcorn together. Just ahead of them, two callow adolescents neck exuberantly. Granddad's eyes twinkle.

GRANDDAD

Looks like you're the only one around here who hasn't got someone whose knee you can pinch.

LON

I can stand it.

GRANDDAD

(Sees another couple embrace)

You wouldn't think they'd pay sixty-five cents to come here and do it. They can go up in a hay loft for nothin'.

LON

(Laughs)

That what you did, Granddad?

GRANDDAD

Well, I pawed the ground a little bit in my time.

LON

(Affectionately)

I'll just bet you did.

(Continued)

47. (Cont'd)

The house DARKENS, the screen glows. A short subject comes on, a song accompanied by a bouncing ball. Granddad lustily joins in the singing. Lon looks at him and grins with pleasure.

DISSOLVE TO:

48. EXT. TOWN SQUARE - (NIGHT)

Rodeo flags have blossomed all over town, giving it a carnival look. In the background, the crowd is streaming away from the movie. Lon and Granddad stroll through the square, under the big trees. A few old men are sitting on the wooden benches, their tennis shoes split to accommodate their bunions, talking, whittling and spitting. Granddad eyes them thoughtfully.

GRANDDAD

That's where the old-timers end up, huh? Tellin' long-winded stories to each other under the mulberry trees, and then wobblin' home to their daughters' back rooms.

(Shrugs)

Well, pretty soon I'll be askin' 'em to move over and make room for me, I suppose.

LON

(Defensively)

You're not old. You're not like them.

GRANDDAD

I'm eighty and more, boy. That's age enough.

(He pauses)

You gotta remember I come a long way. From the ox-cart to the atom. That's a long, tirin' journey, Lon.

LON

And you've got a good long way to go, too!

Granddad feels the foreboding of loss, the sense of fright, in the boy. He straightens vigorously.

(Continued)

48. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD  
Come on. I'll treat you to somethin'  
to eat.

He moves off briskly. Lon lengthens his stride to keep up.

DISSOLVE TO:

49. INT. CAFE - (NIGHT)

Granddad and Lon are in a booth in the packed cafe. The boy is just about to bite into an enormous hamburger with all the trimmings.

GRANDDAD  
You gonna get your mouth around  
all that?

Lon nods and accomplishes it. The old man looks around idly and catches sight of Hud coming in with Lily Peters.

GRANDDAD  
Here comes Hud, with Truman Peters' wife.

LON  
Want to go over?

GRANDDAD  
No, we'll just leave him to his business.

(Indicates the  
hamburger)  
You gonna want another?

LON  
(Shakes his head)  
This'll hold me.

GRANDDAD  
I'm in a spendin' mood. What else would you like to do?

LON  
There isn't too much to do around here.

49. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD

Oh, this town ain't so bad.  
Many a one grew up with less.

Hud sees them and comes over, dragging Lily by the hand. He pushes her into the booth beside Grandad and slides into the seat next to Lon. He is high.

HUD

Let's make a party out of this.  
Daddy, this not too natural blonde.  
here is Missus Truman Peters.

GRANDDAD

(Politely)

How do you do?

LILY

Hello, Mister Bannon.

HUD

Wild Horse Homer Bannon, Lily.  
That's what they used to call him.  
And this gangly youth is my nephew  
Lon.

(Pause)

Now you may have noticed that my  
daddy hasn't asked us to sit down  
yet. He isn't disposed to socialize  
with me. Fussy about the company  
he keeps. He used to buy my brother  
Norman a chocolate soda once in a  
while, but that's because Norman was  
a well-behaved boy.

(Pauses again)

A wonderful boy, Norman. Full of  
principle. Long gone but long remem-  
bered. Isn't that right, Homer?

LILY

Isn't he the one that got killed?

HUD

(Flatly)

That's what he got.

GRANDDAD

(Weakly)

I don't feel so well.

He makes a spasmodic gesture, as if to ward off  
further talk, and a water glass goes over. Then he  
slumps against Lily Peters. Hud springs to his feet,

(Continued)

ajm

HUD

54.

49.

(Cont'd)

pulls Lily out of the way, and grabs Granddad in his arms as the old man collapses.

GRANDDAD

Get me home, boys.

Lon is at Hud's side. They each take an arm and begin helping him out.

DISSOLVE TO:

50.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - (MOVING SHOT ) - (NIGHT)

Lon drives back home on the black, empty highway, Hud and Granddad up front with him. The old man is awake, his face looking thinner than it has, the short silver whiskers showing ragged against his skin.

GRANDDAD

I'll soon be all right... Turn down that window a little, will you, Hud?

(Hud rolls it down)

That's good. Place back there seemed a little short of air.

LON

Maybe you got too much sun today.

GRANDDAD

Well, whatever. Anyway, there's no need to go pullin' such a long face about it. I'm better now.

LON

As soon as we get home, I'll fix you some Sal Hepatica.

GRANDDAD

Yeah, that'll settle me right down.

He puts his head back and closes his eyes. He is asleep in an instant, weaving slightly with the jostling of the truck, his head falling against Hud's shoulder.

3-12-62

(Continued)

50.

(Cont'd)

LON

He dropped right off.

Lon watches the old man in the mirror. Hud remains silent. Far off on the prairie there is the hot ROLL of distant thunder.

LON

He's beginnin' to look kind of worn out, isn't he? Sometimes I forget how old he is. I guess I just don't want to think about it.

HUD

Time you started.

LON

(Unnerved)

Well, I know he's gonna die some day. I know that much.

HUD

He is.

LON

It makes me feel like somebody dumped me into a cold river..

HUD

It happens to everybody. Dogs, horses, men. Nobody gets out of life alive.

LON

I had a funny dream about him. We were out ridin'. We stopped our horses on top of a steep hill. Down below us was Texas, all spread out like the openin' scene in a big Western movie. I kept expectin' Grandad to say something to me. But he was just quiet, lookin' across the land. Finally he rode down alone, leavin' me behind, going toward some ranch I couldn't see.

(Pauses)

I guess that was a dream about his dyin'.

50. (Cont'd)

HUD

Could be.

LON

(After a pause)

You know, he was singin' his  
head off in that movie tonight...

They fall still. Lon turns up the dirt road toward  
the ranch house.

51.

EXT. BANNON HOUSE

as the truck rolls to a stop. Granddad comes awake  
again and Lon helps him out. Hud comes around to  
assist him.

HUD

I'll give you a hand inside.

GRANDDAD

Lon'll look after me. Good  
night, Hud.

HUD

Suit yourself.

He grins and steps aside. The other two enter the  
house, leaving him alone. A dog YAPS, stranded some-  
where out in the coyote country. Hud goes to the  
windmill and lets the faucet run till the cold deep  
well water comes GURGLING up through the pipes. He  
bends over and takes a long drink. There is a BLAZE  
of light in the yard as the bunkhouse door opens and  
Alma emerges.

ALMA

I enjoyed the game, boys. You  
can have another shot at me next  
pay day.

She closes the door and starts across the dark yard  
to her cabin.

52.

INT. ALMA'S CABIN

She puts on the light as she enters. She turns down  
her bed, yawns, begins to undress.

(Continued)

52.

(Cont. 51)

She is suddenly aware of Hud, leaning against the screen door. She buttons up the front of her blouse again quickly.

HUD

Got a cigarette? I'm cut.

She hesitates a moment, looking at him.

ALMA

Wait a minute.

She turns aside for her purse, begins digging in it.

HUD

(Wryly)

I wish you wouldn't keep me hangin' around on the doorstep. Makes me feel like I'm sellin' something.

ALMA

(Slowly)

All right. Come in.

He opens the screen door and enters. She hands him the pack.

ALMA

They're a little squashed.

HUD

They'll do.

He lights up and then looks around.

HUD

I see you've got this place fixed up some.

ALMA

I try.

HUD

It looks pretty good -- except your sweet potato plant over there has got the slight.

I don't know what you mean.

ALMA: I don't know what you mean.

(Cont.)



52.

(Cont'd)

ALMA

I'll keep it in mind.

He leans against the bureau and notices the vast litter spread out there.

HUD

What've we got here? Jiffy Home—  
Hairdrying Set, three-way flour  
sifter, automatic toaster, lady's  
electric shaver. Have you been  
pilfering in the local variety  
store?

ALMA

I go in for those prize contests.  
"How Shinette Shampoo changed my  
life, in twenty words or less."  
They offer free-two-week trips to  
Europe, but I end up with the  
fountain pens and the Japanese  
binoculars.

HUD

I won a turkey in a raffle once,  
but it was fixed. I happened to  
be kind of friendly with the girl  
picking the numbers.

ALMA

It figures.

HUD

(After a pause)

How much did you take the boys for  
tonight?

ALMA

Twenty dollars and some change.

HUD

You're a dangerous woman to have  
around.

ALMA

(Flatly)

Well, I'm a good poker player.

HUD

You're a good poker player. Good  
poker is a game of chance.  
You're a good poker player.

(Continued)

52. (Cont'd)

ALMA

Taking care of myself.

HUD

You shouldn't have to, a woman  
who looks like you do,

ALMA

That's what my ex-husband used  
to tell me, before he took my  
wallet and my gasoline credit  
card and left me stranded in a  
downtown motel in Albuquerque,  
New Mexico.

HUD

Why'd he take to the hills?  
Did you leave the shell in his  
scrambled eggs?

ALMA

Ed's a gambler. He's probably  
up at Vegas or Reno right now,  
dealing at night and losing it  
all back in the daytime.

52. (Cont'd)

HUD

Why, that man sounds no better than  
a heel.

ALMA

(Flat)

Aren't you all?

HUD

Now honey, don't go shootin' all  
the dogs just cause one's got fleas.

ALMA

I was married to Ed for six years,  
and the only thing he was ever good  
for was to scratch my back where I  
couldn't reach it.

HUD

(Lazily)

Still got that itch?

ALMA

(She is always honest)

Off and on.

HUD

Well, let me know when it starts  
to bother you.

He tilts forward with a crack of the chair, gets up  
and goes out. Again Alma begins to undress, moving  
slowly, troubled.

DISSOLVE TO:

53. EXT. THE CHUTE - (DAY)

The healthy cattle are milling and stirring up dust  
in the big pen and the men from the ranch stand out-  
side the chute with the vets, ready to begin.

BURRIS

We'll take 'em one at a time.  
What we're gonna do is inject  
these cows with specimens we've  
taken from your herd. In three  
to six days we'll know what we  
want to know.

(Continued)

53. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD

We're ready to go to work if you are.

Granddad sits on the fence to watch and gives the signal. Hud runs a few cows into a little crowding pen, Lon and Jesse take over to put them into the chute, Jose works at the other end, letting the cattle out when the vets are done. The vets are dressed in grey coats and have a vast array of bottles and jars set out.

There are WHOOPS and SHOUTS from the men. It is a mean, tiresome job, getting the cows to take the tight squeeze. Lon is soon covered with dust and hoarse from yelling. The cattle kick and spin and BELLOW, starting in and backing out, refusing to move.

LON

(To Hud)

Slow down! You're feedin' us too many.

HUD

Move a little faster, hotrod.

Branches and creeks and streams of sweat run out from under their shirtsleeves and hatbands; there are dark muddy brown spots in the circles of dirt under their eyes. And thick, obscuring dust rises as always, as if there were a great fan in the bottom of the pen, blowing it up.

JESSE

Look out for that line-backed hussy! I know her. She's wild.

Nothing they can do will make her take the chute. They SHOUT and SLAP and she puts in her head as if she meant to go. Lon runs behind her to shut the gate. Then she turns back through herself like a bobcat and charges.

GRANDDAD

Watch yourself!

Lon tries to spin away and a large cracked hoof catches him on the hip, hitting his chaps with a SPLAT. He is knocked against the fence, splintering it, and then falls in the sandy pen, out cold. Granddad drops inside immediately; Hud is at his side. They dodge the horns, scooping up the boy between them, and scramble back with him up and over to safety.

54.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CRUTE

Lon comes to, sitting with his back against the red plank railing of the scales. Granddad is wiping his forehead with a wet handkerchief and Hud stands nearby watching.

GRANDDAD

You all right, Lon?

(The boy nods weakly)

She kicked you into the fence.

You skint your head a little on the pipe.

(Smiles)

Boy, you caught a lick.

Lon nods with a sickly little grin.

HUD

You better get back to work.  
The cowboys'll be on you for a week if you quit because you dented your head a little.

GRANDDAD

No need to rush him.

But Lon struggles manfully to his feet. He has the weak trembles in his legs and suddenly flops over again. Hud picks him up and throws him over his shoulder.

HUD

You've had it, fantan.

GRANDDAD

Get him to bed.

55.

MOVING SHOT

as Hud lugs Lon toward the house.

HUD

All this time I thought you were skinny. But you weigh a ton.

LON

(Woozily)

I can't get my head on right...  
Hud, I think I'm gonna lose my breakfast.

HUD

Not all over me, you're not! You just hold your fire till we get into the house.

at

HUD

56.

INT. HALLWAY - BANNON HOUSE

Alma sees them from the kitchen and comes running, flour up her arms to her elbows. She grabs Lon by the arm and looks into his face anxiously.

ALMA

Sugar, you're white as a sheet!

LON

(Weakly)

Sure I'm white -- you got flour all over me.

ALMA

What happened!

HUD

One of the cows cuddled up to him.

ALMA

Shouldn't a doctor look at him?

HUD

What? Pay five bucks for some iodine and an aspirin? He'll mend.

He hikes Lon up again and carries him up the stairs.

57.

INT. LON'S BEDROOM

Hud brings the boy over to his bed and drops him on it.

HUD

That's as far as I go. I draw the line at bed pans.

LON

Thanks, Hud...

HUD

You can goldbrick for the rest of the day. Just don't try to stretch it into two.

He waves at the boy and goes out. Lon lies lathered in a pool of his own sweat. He can hear the cattle BAWLING from the lots. Alma enters with a pitcher.

ALMA

Let's get your shoes off.

at

HUD

63.

57.

(Cont'd)

She pulls them off and then sits on the bed beside him, handing him a glass.

ALMA

Cold lemonade.

The boy struggles up to drink it and she puts her arm around him to help.

ALMA

Don't swallow the seeds.

Lon looks around for a place to spit them and she holds out her palm.

ALMA

Here.

(As he hesitates)

Come on. They're only lemon seeds.

He tries to be delicate about getting rid of them in her hand and she smiles. He finishes and falls back. She holds the cold glass to his forehead.

ALMA

Better?

(He nods)

You ought to try and doze off now.

He puts his hand over hers.

LON

Gee, you're cool. Smell of lemon.

The boy suddenly lurches over and buries his head in her lap.

LON

(Yearning)

Alma...

ALMA

What is it, sugar?

LON

You're really beautiful.

ALMA

(Soothingly)

Sure I am.

LON

You're one of the best people there

57. (Cont'd)

LON (Cont'd)  
ever was. You're good to me, Alma.  
In fact you're good, period.

ALMA  
All right. You be good too and  
go to sleep.

His eyes close but he still holds onto her hand.  
She remains quietly beside him.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. EXT. BIG PASTURE - (DAY)

Late in the afternoon, the sky a country of changing colors, red in the west, blue in the east. Jesse hammers a large sign into the ground. It faces the road so that passing motorists can see it --  
QUARANTINE.

59. EXT. SMALL PASTURE

Jose drags a chain across the gate posts and locks the gate. Here too a fresh-painted sign warns: QUARANTINE. Two hawks glide low over the pasture, dipping and swooping.

60. EXT. ANOTHER PASTURE

Hud hammers a QUARANTINE sign to the fence.

The hawks sail past, almost steady in the air. Dozens of feeding jackrabbits break before them, zigzagging off to one side and stopping, their long ears folded against their heads.

DISSOLVE TO:

61. INT. LON'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

The boy is dressed, brushing his hair at the bureau, wincing as he tries to cover the raw wound on his scalp.

LON

Ouch.



61. (Cont'd)

He throws down the brush and goes out.

62. INT. STAIRWAY

Lon is feeling himself again. He clatters down the stairs three at a time, swings buoyantly into the kitchen.

63. INT. KITCHEN

The room is empty, dirty breakfast plates still littering the table, the tap in the sink DRIPPING noisily. The place has an abandoned look.

LON

Where's everybody?

No reply. He goes out.

64. EXT. FRONT PORCH

Lon emerges into the white heat, the oppressive stillness of the day. Hud and Granddad are on the porch. Something in the heavy inertia of the two men puts a lid on his good spirits. He notices that Hud is already drinking.

LON

'Morning, everybody.

GRANDDAD

How are you today, Lonnie?

LON

Great. Just great.

(He tries to fill  
up the silence)

Boy, have I been sawin' wood up  
there. Looks like I slept around  
the clock.

Hud gives him an extremely sour look. Lon claps his hands together energetically.

LON

I feel almost like workin' for  
a change. What d'ya got for me?  
Patch up a little fence, pull  
you some weeds, work a few calves?

(Continued)

64. (Cont'd)

GRANDAD

(Heavily)

I don't guess we'll do much of anything. I don't see any sense in wastin' work until I find out about my cattle.

HUD

(Roughly)

Yeah, we're gonna roll over and play dead and let 'em shovel dirt in our faces.

GRANDDAD

If I don't get a bill of health on these cattle, we are just about dead

HUD

Dead broke. We've been breeding and crossbreeding this beef all our lives, to get us the best stock in the country, and we're gonna end up with the government payin' us four bits on the dollar for 'em. Poor but honest, that's us.

GRANDAD

We're not sure of anything yet. We're just gonna have to sit and wait it out.

HUD

Well, don't get sores on your butts doin' it!

He scoops up his bottle and goes inside. It is quiet Grandad seems fatigued by worry. Lon sits on the steps below Grandad. He fumbles in his shirt pocket and turns on his transistor. Rock and roll BLARES out -- the tune is "Bonaparte's Retreat".

GRANDAD

(Shortly)

I could do without that noise, Lon.

3-12-62

(Continued)

64.

(Cont'd)

Lon turns it OFF, scratches himself nervously. He takes out his pocket knife and begins flipping it idly into the flower bed.

GRANDDAD

' Go stretch your legs, will you?

Lon is a little startled by the edginess in the old man's voice. He folds up the knife apologetically and wanders away.

65.

EXT. - (MOVING SHOT)

Lon kicks the pump as he slouches through the yard. He looks to the bunkhouse, and starts toward it for company.

66.

INT. BUNKHOUSE

as Lon enters. It is a long, bare room with half a dozen steel cots, shaving mirrors on the wall, work clothes hanging on tenpenny nails. Jesse and Jose are stretched out on rumpled beds, beer cans close to hand. Both men are immersed in comic books.

LON

Man, it sure looks like Sunday in here.

(Neither man looks up)

Pretty soft life.

JESSE

We got nothin' else to do.

(Suddenly throws his magazine down)

What I oughta be readin' is the want ads.

(Angrily)

Yeah, I'm gonna be out on that same road again, watchin' it come up on me every mornin', and still comin' in the evenin', and sometimes late into the night. I run that road for ten years and never caught up with nothin'.

(Continued)

66. (Cont'd)

LON  
We're not gonna fold up here,  
Jesse.

JESSE  
(Flatly)  
You wanta lay odds?

There is a pause. Then Jesse looks around irritably.

JESSE  
Where's my other magazine? I  
had another one. Who swiped it?  
(Jose calmly continues  
reading)  
You got it.

JOSE  
So what?

JESSE  
Give it back.

JOSE  
I'm in the middle.

JESSE  
Give it back or I'll stomp your  
tail.

JOSE  
(Looks up coldly  
at last)  
Try, and I'll coldcock you. You're  
just beggin' me to.

They rear up. Out of nothing, an ugly quarrel is in  
the making.

LON  
(Good humored)  
If you guys are gonna start  
jumpin' each other, I'm leavin'.

JESSE  
(Shortly)  
That's a good idea.

LON  
(Ruefully)  
Everybody's sure loaded for bear  
around here this morning.

He goes out.

67.

EXT. BACK PORCH

Alma is spreading a piece of cheesecloth over the top of an old milk strainer, a large bucket of milk beside her. She HEARS the clatter of hoofs and looks up to see Lon riding away from the house, bareback, on a large stallion. She watches the lonely figure retreating, and then resumes her work, lifting the heavy bucket and pouring. The milk runs in a swirling white stream, leaving little flecks of dirt and manure stuck to the damp cheesecloth.

There is a COMMOTION in the kitchen behind her, a banging of cabinet doors.

HUD'S VOICE

Where's that bottle?

A moment later he appears on the back porch.

HUD

I'm missin' a bottle of Hiram Walker. I had it stashed in the cupboard in there.

ALMA

You drank it.

HUD

When?

ALMA

Instead of dinner, Wednesday night.

HUD

I don't remember.

ALMA

If you think I've been nipping at it, I don't drink anything but Tokay wine.

HUD

And I bet you keep your little finger crooked while you're doin' it.

ALMA

Why don't you stick your head under the pump and sober up for lunch?

HUD

(Drawling)

Don't you find me in control of myself?

ds 1st Change

HUD

4-24-62

70.

67. (Cont'd)

ALMA

Well, I'd hate to see you walk a straight line.

HUD

That's easy.

He takes three steps forward and pulls her up off the seat and into his arms. He kisses her roughly and it is a moment before she can wrench away.

ALMA

(Coolly)

I don't like sudden passes.

HUD

(Lazily)

Well, we'll ease into it then.  
There's another one comin' up  
on your right.

He bends and kisses her on the neck. His lips are still touching her when she speaks.

ALMA

(Quietly)

Don't you ever ask?

HUD

(Shakes his head)

The only question I ask any woman  
is "What time's your husband comin'  
home?"

He kisses the other side of her neck. His hands caress her arms.

HUD

(Abruptly)

Well, honey, what's keepin' you?  
You're over the age of consent, aren't you?

ALMA

(Flatly)

Way over.

HUD

Then let's get our shoelaces un-  
tied, what d'ya say?

(Continued)

67. (Cont'd)

ALMA

I'd say I've been asked with a little more finesse in my time.

HUD

Well, I wouldn't want to come on crude, no ma'am. You want the full treatment you'll get it. I'll bring you a two pound box of candy. Maybe a bottle of perfume from the drug store.

ALMA

How about some colored beads and wampum?

HUD

(Nods)

Sure. Whatever it takes to make you trade.

ALMA

No, thanks. I've done my time with one cold-blooded bastard. I'm not looking for another.

HUD

(Evenly)

It's too late, honey. You've already found him.

He takes a few of the raw peas and pops them into his mouth. Chewing on them like nuts he saunters back into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

68.  
thru  
70.

OMITTED

71.

INT. KITCHEN

The three men are finishing dinner, everyone but Hud under a sense of strain. Alma seems withdrawn herself, a little wary of Hud as she passes him to clear up.

ALMA

You hardly touched your plate, Mister Bannon.

(Continued)

71. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD

(Wearily)

Nothin' to do with your cookin',  
Alma. Just not too hungry.

LON

(After a pause)

Any word from the vets?

GRANDDAD

No, they're takin' their own  
sweet time about it.

Hud slams down his empty beer can.

HUD

Well, the Kiwanis are waitin'  
for me.

LON

You playin' ball tonight, Hud?—

*Goin' out with  
Linda. Hud?*

HUD

(In a good humor)

Yeah, I'm gonna try and make the  
Bannons look good for a change.

(Pushes back from  
the table)

You honchos wanta come and sit in  
the cheerin' section? There's  
plenty of room.

He pauses beside Alma on his way out.

HUD

It's Ladies' Night. You might just  
qualify, Alma.

With that he grins and goes. They sit quietly until  
they HEAR his car start and roar off toward the highway.  
Granddad sighs a little.

LON

You know, that's the first time  
in my life Hud ever asked me to  
go anywhere. I wonder why he  
did it?

GRANDDAD

Lonesome, I imagine. Just tryin'  
to scare up a little company.

(Continued)



71. (Cont'd)

LON

Hud lonesome? Why he can get more women company than anybody around here.

GRANDDAD.

That ain't necessarily much. It ain't necessarily company, neither. Women just like to be around something dangerous part of the time.

(Pauses)

[ Even Hud can get lonesome once in a while. ]

LON

I wouldn't mind seein' him play. He's pretty good, you know.

GRANDDAD

(Quietly)

Then we'll go on in.

ALMA

(Flatly)

I'll stay home. I'm not a fan.

The men look at her as she goes to the sink and begins washing up.

DISSOLVE TO:

72.-

OMITTED.

73.

73A.

EXT. KIWANNIS ARENA - (NIGHT)

The spectators, sitting in the grass along the fence and on the front of their cars, are watching a Twist Contest, the final two contestants performing. Lon and Granddad are among those applauding as it comes to a close.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the Small Fry Dance Contest are numbers seven and eight -- Patsy Lou Johnson and Harold Stewart. If they haven't thrown anything out of joint, they can come up here now and collect their prizes.

(Continued)

73A. (Cont'd)

The two children, eight and ten years of age, come forward and receive the winners' cups.

## ANNOUNCER

You all have seen one kind of twisting, and now you're gonna see another kind. We're gonna have ten able-bodied men tying themselves in knots trying to catch ten greased pigs. The first man to catch his pig and return to the finish line will be the winner.

The pigs are dipped in grease and held at the other end of the arena from the cowboys. Hud, stripped to the waist at the starting line, grins at Lon and Granddad.

## ANNOUNCER

Let 'em loose, boys!

It is the signal for the scramble to begin. The arena is a melee of running cowboys, slipping, sliding, sprawling after the frightened pigs. Hud races to the finish line first, while the crowd stands and cheers.

## ANNOUNCER

Hud Bannon first, Dumb Billy Packard, second, Ad Jenkins third. That event finishes our show for tonight. Thanks a lot for turning out. I hope everybody had a good time and we'll see you next year at the annual Kiwanis Club Show.

73B. ANOTHER ANGLE

The crowd is milling about and leaving. Hud approaches Lon and Granddad, wiping the grease off his arms and chest with a towel.

## GRANDDAD

My, I wish I could still move around like you do, Hud.

## LON

You sure did churn up the dust, Hud.

(Continued)

3b 2nd Change

HUD BATHING

7-13-42

73A.-  
73B.

73B. (Cont'd)

HUD

Well, I'm gonna stay up  
a little more before the  
night's over.

(A casual invitation)  
Anybody interested?

GRANDDAD

That's enough excitement for  
me, I guess. I'll be headin'  
back.

(Turns to the boy)  
Lon?

LON

It's kinda early. I might just  
hang around with Hud a while.

GRANDDAD

(Nods)  
I'll leave the door open for  
you.

He turns and walks through the crowd alone. Lon  
feels a momentary guilt at deserting him, then  
turns and looks at Hud expectantly.

HUD

Hitch up your pants, fantan.  
I'll buy you a drink.

They go with the throng, drifting toward town.

DISSOLVE TO:

74.

EXT. BALL PARK - (NIGHT)

The game is over, people milling about and leaving. Hud comes over to Lon and Granddad, wiping himself off with a towel.

GRANDDAD

You certainly do hit the long ball, Hud.

LON

Man, you sure go around those bases!

HUD

Well, I'm gonna touch one or two more before the night's over.

(Casually)

Anybody interested?

GRANDDAD

That's enough excitement for me, I guess. I'll be headin' back.

(Turns to the boy)

Lon?

LON

It's kinda early. I might just hang around with Hud a while.

GRANDDAD

(Nods)

I'll leave the door open for you.

He walks through the crowd, tall and straight. Lon feels a momentary guilt at deserting him, but shrugs it off and looks at Hud expectantly.

HUD

Hitch up your pants, fantan. I'll buy you a drink.

They go with the throng, now drifting toward town.

75.

EXT. MAIN STREET - (MOVING SHOT)

Hud and Lon find themselves in the rodeo crowd. It is the first night, a surge of people in the street, the

(Continued)

75.

(Cont'd)

one big get-together of the year for Thalia. Even the merchants, open tonight, have come out in Western wear. Big white Lincolns with fancy horse trailers hitched on behind clog the traffic. The cowgirls wear big hats and shining tight pants.

LON

(Alert to everything)

Town's pretty lively tonight.  
Rodeo sure brings 'em out.

HUD

(Grins)

You like the action, huh?

LON

Sure do.

(His head swiveling)

Hey, Hud. Look at the britches on that girl. They fit her like skin fits a snake.

HUD

Just keep loose, boy. The night's young.

There is a hard little knot of spectators ahead, silent and engrossed. They push in to have a look.

A leathery-faced COWBOY, very drunk, is seated in front of a canvas booth, having a third eye tattooed in the middle of his forehead. It is a grotesque sight.

LON

What would a guy do a thing like that for?

HUD

Crazy cowboy.

LON

He's gonna carry that thing around for the rest of his life.

HUD

(Shrugs)

Ought to put it in the back of his head. That's where you need an extra eye -- see what's comin' up on you.

(Continued)

ajm

HUD

81.

75.

(Cont'd)

They move on. A cowboy picks up his girl, laughing and kicking, and stuffs her through the open window of a Mercury. The girl quickly rolls the car window up and locks it, making a face at him.

Lon steps to watch, entranced, until Hud shoves him into the bar.

76.

INT. BAR

The place is a beehive. A cowboy with a little too much spirit has his rope and starts to make a loop, but his buddies swarm over him before he can do any damage.

Hud and Lon find seats and a waitress brings two beers. Hud pulls a pint bottle wrapped in a paper bag from his pocket and pours a shot into his beer. He looks across at Lon.

HUD

You want to put a little kick in that?

LON

Sure. Okay.

HUD

Never had any before, have you?

LON

I can handle it.

Hud pours the boilermaker and they drink. Lon does himself credit by not gagging. Then he leans back under the sign which forbids minors, now totally ignored, and looks around. A girl, MYRA BURSALL, sitting near the jukebox, catches his attention.

HUD

You found something?

LON

Kind of a pretty girl.

HUD

(Smiles slightly)

Well, don't let me cramp you.

LON

I couldn't make any kind of a move at her.

(Continued)

vp

HUD

76. (Cont'd)

HUD

Why? You're not nailed down,  
are you?

LON

(Deprecatingly)

Just about.

HUD

You're not a bad lookin' kid.  
Damp down that cowlick a little,  
button your shirt up over your  
Adam's apple, and you might just  
make out.

LON

I don't know. My feet feel too  
big.

HUD

Walk on your hands.

LON

I don't think I could do it.

HUD

You oughta take a crack at it.

(Pauses)

Get all the good you can out of  
seventeen, cause it wears out in  
a hell of a hurry.

LON

My trouble is I gotta like a girl  
a lot, before I can work up to  
anything. I mean like her as a  
person.

HUD

Fantan, you're a regular idealist.

LON

What's wrong with that?

HUD

(A slight smile)

I don't know. I've never tried it.

LON

I suppose you think I'm a jerk.

HUD

What do you care what I think?

vp

HUD

76. (Cont'd)

LON

(Quietly)

I guess it'll hand you a laugh,  
but I do.

HUD

(Noncommittally)

Well, you have another drink, and  
I'll have another drink, and before  
you know it we'll work up some real  
family feeling here.

There is no getting through to him on this level. Lon  
falls silent, holds out his glass. Hud refills it and  
the boy takes a deep drink.

LON

(Suddenly)

I'm gonna shove some change in  
the juok.

He goes to the machine.

77.

INT. NEAR THE JUKEBOX

Lon passes the girl cautiously, stealing a look. He  
makes his selections, presses the plungers. A Kitty  
Wells recording begins. Myra sways to the beat of  
the music. Lon gives the girl another shy, hurried  
glance, and CHARLIE TUCKER, sitting with her, sees it  
and becomes annoyed.

CHARLIE

What're you gawkin' at?

LON

Who? Me?

CHARLIE

I don't like fresh kids!

LON

Nobody's gettin' fresh, mister,  
that I know about.

CHARLIE

I think I'll take you out in the  
alley and jar some of your teeth  
loose.

Tucker rises angrily. Hud is suddenly standing  
there.

(Continued)



77. (Cont'd)

HUD

(Pleasantly)

Are you havin' words with this  
youngster about something?

CHARLIE

I'm about to put him into the  
hospital!

HUD

Is that so? Is he botherin' you  
in any way?

CHARLIE

He's botherin' her, that's who he's  
botherin'!

HUD

(To the girl)

You didn't offer him a little  
encouragement by any chance, did  
you, young lady?

MYRA

(Hotly)

No!

HUD

(Mildly)

That's funny. I was sittin' clear  
across the room, and I got a little  
encouraged. Must be the way you  
move around inside that dress.

CHARLIE

All right, wise guy. I'll take  
you instead!

HUD

Oh, I don't wanta be hoggish. You  
want a piece of it, Lon?

Lon nods, white in the face. Tucker looks away  
from Hud to see the boy's reaction, and the instant  
he is off guard Hud belts him.

Lon steps forward determinedly but Hud holds out a  
detaining hand.

3-9-62

(Continued)

77. (Cont'd)

HUD

Wait your turn, I'm not finished.

But Lon does not wait, for Tucker is coming back with a bottle. Lon leaps to grab the man's hand, holding on like a terrier, while Hud rocks him again. The cowboys at the nearby tables whoop and wade in and it becomes a free-for-all, Hud and Lon in the middle of it, having the time of their lives.

DISSOLVE TO:

78.

EXT. YARD - BANNON HOUSE - (NIGHT)

The house in the background is dark and quiet. Hud has left the HEADLIGHTS of the car on so they can see to wash their battered faces at the horse trough. The brawl, the liquor, the camaraderie with Hud have all been tonic to the boy.

HUD

Can you get that eye open now?

LON

Yeah, it's openin' up.

HUD

Here, lemme see...you'll be all right.

LON

I think she bit you on the ear.

HUD

(Touches his face  
gingerly)

That witch scratched me up some --  
before I upended her.

They both laugh.

LON

That's what I call one hell of  
a night. I could do that about  
six times a week.

HUD

You don't win 'em all, you know.

LON

I would if you were backin' me all

78. (Cont'd)

LON (Cont'd)  
the time. Boy, that would make  
a combination, wouldn't it?  
Nobody'd ever mess with the  
Bannons, that's for sure.

HUD  
You're feelin' the booze.

LON  
No, it's not that.  
(Shy)  
It's that...well...that there  
were the two of us.

HUD  
Yeah, it felt like old times for  
a while tonight. Your dad and  
I used to take 'em on of a  
Saturday night.

LON  
What kind of a man was he?

HUD  
Norman?  
(Slowly)  
He was the kind of a man who  
left his loose change out on top  
of the bureau, when I was a kid,  
so I could swipe some of it.  
Let me take a girl away from him  
once in a while, like I'd done  
it on my own.  
(Pause)  
He was bigger'n you are, had a  
bigger wallop, but I'll tell you  
something - when you're not bein'  
a pain in the tail, you remind  
me a lot of him.

LON  
I do?

HUD  
Yeah. You sure do.

LON  
(Awkwardly)  
Then how come you and me don't  
hit it off so good?

HUD  
I got short arms.

78. (Cont'd)

LON

But you teased up pretty good  
with him.

HUD

Never been anybody like old  
Norman. Never will be. He was  
one way-out boy. Claimed he could  
hear the grass grow. Got me to  
go listen with him out in a field  
one night. After three or four  
hours I ended up swearing I could  
hear it too.

(Pauses)

That's the night I racked up the  
car. We piled up on Sanzon Creek  
Bridge. He died in half an hour  
and I didn't even have a mark on me.

(Pauses again)

I wonder if your Daddy's hearing the  
grass now, growing up over his grave.

(Looks at Lon thoughtfully)

That little story ought to cool  
you off some.

LON

It doesn't.

Despite himself, Hud is relieved to find the boy's  
admiration for him unchanged. He shakes his head  
with mock rue.

HUD

Well, you're either soft hearted  
or soft headed, I don't know which.

He cuffs Lon affectionately. They start inside  
together.

79. INT. PARLOR

Granddad turns the farm news OFF the radio as they  
enter. His eyes go to Lon, unsteady on his feet, his  
shirt in tatters, a handkerchief wrapped around his  
fist. He does not speak for a moment.

GRANDDAD

All right. He's gotten you drunk.  
What else has he given you a taste  
for?

LON

(Flattening)

All we had was a couple of drinks,  
Granddad.

(Continued)

79. (Cont'd)

HUD

I don't remember you bein' a  
teetotaler.

GRANDDAD

(Flat)

I drink. I don't object to his  
havin' whiskey.

Lon sobers up in a hurry. There is something hard and  
uncompromising in the old man's voice.

HUD

Well, somethin' seems to be eatin'  
your liver.

GRANDDAD

You, Hud. Like always.

There is a slight pause.

LON

What are you climbin' on Hud for?

GRANDDAD

(Slowly)

You think a lot of Hud, do you?  
You think he's a real man.

(His eyes go to Hud)

Well, you're bein' took in.

HUD

You listen to this, hotrod.  
I'm his son. He knows me.

GRANDDAD

I know you. You're smart. You've  
got your share of guts. You can  
talk a man into trustin' you and  
a woman into wantin' you.

HUD

[ Then I've got it made, haven't I? ]

GRANDDAD

To hear you tell it.

HUD

Why the hell don't you really  
get it off your chest! What  
you've got against me is what  
I did to Norman!

79. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD

You were drunk and careless of  
your brother.

HUD

You've had fifteen years to get  
over it. That's half my life.

GRANDDAD

That's not our quarrel and never  
has been.

HUD

The hell it isn't!

GRANDDAD

No, boy. I was sick of you a  
long time before that.

It brings Hud up short. He pauses thoughtfully.

HUD

Well, isn't life full of surprises?  
All along I thought it was your  
dear departed.

GRANDDAD

I took that hard but I buried it.

HUD

And a mighty fancy funeral it was,  
too.

(Pauses)

All right, I'll bite. What turned  
you sour on me? Not that I give  
a damn.

GRANDDAD

Just that, Hud. You don't give a  
damn.

HUD

(Blankly)

Come again?

GRANDDAD

That's all. That's the whole of it.

(As Hud stares at him)

You still don't get it, huh?

(Pauses)

You don't care for people. You  
don't give a damn about them. You

79. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD (Cont'd)  
live just for yourself -- and  
that makes you not fit to live  
with.

LON  
(Painfully)  
Granddad --

The old man glances at the boy, pawn in the struggle.

GRANDDAD  
(Slowly)  
You got all that charm going for  
you, and it makes the youngsters  
want to be like you. That's the  
shame of it, 'cause you don't value  
nothin', you don't respect nothin',  
you keep no check on your appetites  
at all.

(Flat)  
Men of your sort have come to be  
the heroes of our age.

A pause.

HUD  
Well, my momma loved me, but she  
died.

He turns and goes out of the room. The rawness of the  
quarrel lies heavy on Granddad. Lon breaks the  
silence.

LON  
Why pick on Hud? He isn't the only  
one. Just about everybody around  
here is like him, one way or another.

GRANDDAD  
That's no cause for rejoicin', is it,  
Lonnie?

(Goes on almost to himself)  
...Little by little, the look of the  
country changes, because of the men  
we admire...

LON  
(Awkwardly)  
I still think you nailed him pretty  
hard...

GRANDDAD  
Did I? Maybe. Old people get as  
hard as their arteries sometimes.

(Continued)

79.

(Cont'd)

GRANDAD (Cont'd)

(He looks thoughtfully  
at Lon)

You're just gonna have to make up  
your own mind one day. About  
what's right and what's wrong.

Lon nods. The old man goes up the stairs to his room,  
leaving Lon alone in the parlor.

He HEARS kitchen drawers being yanked open, and starts  
out.

80.

INT. KITCHEN

Hud is pawing in the breadbox as Lon enters. The  
scene with his father has plummeted Hud into one of  
his dark and dangerous moods.

HUD

Where's that high-paid housekeeper  
of ours? I want somethin' to eat  
and I don't want any hesitatin'  
about it.

LON

(Gingerly)

It's late, Hud. She's asleep.

HUD

Well, ain't that just keen.  
Payin' her money to sleep when  
I'm starvin' to death.

LON.

I could fry you up an egg sandwich.

HUD

Forget it.

He chops two slices of bread and begins slamming a  
sandwich together. He turns suddenly on Lon.

HUD

Get your tail out of here. I can't  
think with you standin' around.

LON

What're you cookin' up, Hud?

HUD

Wait and see. It's gonna knock some  
people on their tails, and you might  
be one of 'em.

(Continued)



ds 1st Change

HUD

92. ✓

80. (Cont'd)

LON

(Mildly)

It wouldn't take much to knock me.

HUD

Get out of here.

Hud is too wild-acting to fool with and Lon leaves. The LIGHTS in the hall go out; there is a TREAD on the stairs. Hud remains in the kitchen, thinking.

DISSOLVE TO:

81. EXT. RODEO ARENA - (DAY)

The bulls and the bucking stock are being unloaded for the rodeo. In the background, the warped, unpainted boards of the bleachers are beginning to be filled with spectators.

Lon and Hermy sit on the fence watching the bulls being prodded out of a truck into the narrow chute and the winding maze of the holding pen. Hermy has a large contestant's number pinned to the front of his shirt.

LON

(As a humpbacked bull  
passes beneath them)

He means trouble...

HERMY

(Nervously)

I kinda wish I'd stayed out of  
this bull riding.

LON

From the look of them, you're not  
gonna be riding very far.

HERMY

Thanks, buddy...

(Then reluctantly)

Well, I better go check my gear.

LON

Never mind your gear. You ought  
to go check your head.

Hermy slips off the fence and goes. Lon sits alone, watching a pretty cowgirl, one of the preliminaries, lope her painthorse around and around in circles in the main arena.

(Continued)

ds 1st Change

HUD

93.

81. (Cont'd)

HUD'S VOICE

Hey, hotrod.

82. ANOTHER ANGLE

As Hud comes up to his nephew. Hud is expansive, full of good spirits.

HUD

Is that the best seat you could buy for this show?

LON

They're gettin' two bucks for those bleachers over there.

HUD

You forgotten what money looks like, huh?

LON

Just about

HUD

Well, be my guest.

He peels off some bills and gives them to the boy.  
Lon is surprised.

LON

This is ten dollars, Hud.

HUD

(Grins)

It's good. I didn't print it.

LON

Well, thanks...

HUD

Stick with me, honcho. You're gonna have your jeans full of change.

LON

How come?

HUD

Well, I'll tell you. I put on my dark blue business suit this morning, and I saw me a lawyer. You know they got a law says when old folks can't

(Continued)

82. (Cont'd)

HUD (Cont'd)

cut the mustard anymore, you can  
make them let go -- whether they  
like it or not.

Lon comes down off the fence and stands before him.

LON

What're you pullin' on Granddad  
now?

HUD

(Slowly)

Something pretty raw, kid.

LON

It sounds like it.

(Suddenly thrusts the  
money back at Hud)

Take your dough. I don't want it.

HUD

Don't look down your nose at me,  
sonny. I'm gonna get old too some  
day, and I don't aim to end up on  
county relief, gettin' handed a  
bowl of soup and two cigarettes a  
day if I behave myself.

(Intensely)

I want what I worked for. I got a  
right to it. You see, honcho, if  
you don't look out for yourself,  
the only helping hand they'll ever  
give you is when they lower that  
box.

He pulls the boy toward him roughly, stuffs the money  
back in Lon's shirt pocket, and then turns and strides  
away. Troubled, Lon watches him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

83.  
thru  
88.

OMITTED.

89.

INT. ALMA'S CABIN

She is smoking and reading a newspaper in bed. There  
is a SCRATCH at her screen.

ALMA

Who's there?

(Continued)

89. (Cont'd)

LON

(Appearing in the  
doorway)

It's me. You awake?

ALMA

Lonnie?

LON

Can I come in a minute?

ALMA

You're sure getting crazy sleep-  
ing habits. All right, come in.

He enters and stands moodily just inside the door.

ALMA

Drag up a chair. Nobody's going  
to swallow you.

He sits beside her, silent, peeling flaky paint off  
the bedrail.

ALMA

What's the matter, baby? You've  
got the blues, haven't you?

LON

I'm just sick of all this.

ALMA

Sick of what, honey?

LON

Things used to be better around  
here. I feel like I want some-  
thing back.

ALMA

You're mighty young to be wanting  
things back.

LON

If Granddad and Hud could get  
along a little better it would  
be okay.

ALMA

If and if and if. You can if your-  
self crazy. I've been iffing around

(Continued)

89. (Cont'd)

ALMA (Cont'd)  
a lot longer than you have, and  
what's it got me? Just what I  
eat and what I wear out.

LON  
How do you keep things from fallin'  
apart?

ALMA  
Honey, you come scratching at the  
wrong door. I sure don't know.

LON  
(Rises)  
Thanks for listenin', anyway.

ALMA  
You go get yourself some sleep.

He nods and goes out. The newspaper lies forgotten  
on the covers; she smokes thoughtfully.

89A. INT. HUD'S BEDROOM

Hud is sprawled in the dark, drinking. Granddad  
enters.

HUD  
You're up pretty late.

GRANDDAD  
I got a lot on my mind.

HUD  
Well, come on in and take your-  
self a chair.  
(Granddad remains  
standing)  
Did you talk to the vets?

GRANDDAD  
I talked to 'em, but I didn't  
get a whole lot of information  
out of 'em.

HUD  
You didn't expect to, did you?  
When a government man wants you  
to know something, he'll call you,  
or else send you a telegram.

(Continued)

89A.

(Cont'd)

GRANDDAD

He said they were watchin' the  
test animals pretty close, but  
hadn't nothin' showed up yet.

(Pause)

Hud?

HUD

(Stops)

Yes, sir?

GRANDDAD

What's this tricky deal you're  
up to? Lon tells me you're  
tryin' to pull the rug out from  
under me.

HUD

That's right.

He stands looking down at his father for a moment.

HUD

I haven't got all the rough edges  
ironed out yet, but I can give  
you an idea. The main thing is  
you, old man. You're too old to  
make the grade. Whether they  
liquidate us or not, when this  
thing is over you might as well  
get you a rocking chair so you'll  
be out of my way.

GRANDDAD

What in hell do you mean?

HUD

I'm gonna have this ranch. I'm  
gonna give the orders on it. I  
may get it now, or I may have to  
wait a few years - but I'm gonna  
get it.

GRANDDAD

How do you figure you could get  
it now?

HUD

When a man your age begins burn-  
ing up the furniture and goes off and  
buys a bunch of sick Mexican cows,

(Continued)

ajm 3rd Change  
89A. (Cont'd)

HUD BANNON

7-5-62

101.  
thru  
104.

HUD (Cont'd)

it means he's over the hill. You've got the incompetence, Dad, and Hotrod's too young to take over. So I might get the Court to appoint me guardian of your property, I don't know. But if I don't get it one way, I'll get it another.

GRANDDAD

Why, you're badly mistaken about all this. I'll be the only one runs this ranch while I'm above ground. After that you might get some of it, I don't know. But you can't get control of this place no way in the world.

HUD

Don't you go making any bets on that. I'm not just another muscle-head for you to boss around anymore. Those days are over.

GRANDDAD

Maybe I treated you too hard. I don't doubt I made some mistakes. A man don't always do what's right.

HUD

You've never been wrong. You've been handing down the ten tablets of the law from whatever little hill you could find to climb up on ever since I was a kid. Shape up or ship out -- that's how you ran things around here. Wild-eyed Homer Bannon, passing out scripture and verse like you made it up yourself. So I just naturally had to go bad, in the face of so much good.

GRANDDAD

Hud, how'd a man like you come to be a son to me?

He turns to go.

HUD

(After the retreating  
figure; stung)

Well, I wasn't left as no bundle  
on your doorstep! I wasn't found

(Continued)

89A. (Cont'd)

HUD (Cont'd)  
in no bulrushes! You got the same  
feelings below your belt as any  
other man. So that's how you got  
stuck with me for a son, like it  
or not!

Granddad is gone. Hud wheels around and starts out  
of the house.

90. OMITTED.

91.

92. EXT. YARD

As Hud comes CLATTERING down the back steps, hardly  
seeing where he goes. The big galvanized milk cans  
are in his way and he kicks them aside angrily. There  
is a grating metallic CRASH as they go spinning in the  
yard, bumping and CLASHING.

Hud stops, not knowing which way to go. He stands  
shifting back and forth on his feet, like a bull that  
has been crowded too close.

The LIGHT goes on in Alma's cabin and she appears  
framed in the open doorway, alarmed by the raucous  
NOISE. Hud lifts his head and sees her and turns to  
lurch toward her. He comes face to face with her, and  
she shows sudden fear.

HUD  
All right, ladybird. Make room  
in there for me.

He puts the heel of his hand just below her neck and  
shoves hard. She staggers back into the cabin with an  
involuntary gasp. He follows.



93. INT. LON'S BEDROOM

The banging of the milk cans has brought him awake and he sits listening alertly for something else. It comes a moment later, the SOUNDS of a struggle, shattering glass, a table crashing. The boy is up in an instant, grabbing his pants, leaping out.

94. EXT. YARD

Lon runs across the yard. He flings open the door of the cabin.

95. INT. ALMA'S CABIN

As Lon comes rushing in he is struck almost immediately with enormous force. Hud has turned away from the bed with blind instinct and hits him flush on the jaw, sending him skidding across the floor. Lon ends up crumpled against the wall, and Hud looks down at him blankly, as though he does not even recognize him. Then it seems he does.

HUD

Here's half the menfolk on the ranch come to help you. The other half's a little slower. That's all right. I'll stack 'em up two deep 'fore I'm done. --

Hud turns his back to lean over the bed again.

HUD

Turn over here, duchess.

Blood is coming from the corner of Alma's mouth. He grabs her ankle and pulls her closer to him. She jabs at him, choking for air, and he falls across her twisting legs and tries to catch her hand.

Lon lunges to his feet, grabs a heavy glass pitcher off the table and throws it. It goes thunking into the wall over Hud's head, showering him with fragments of broken glass. Hud spins and reaches for the boy, snapping his neck as he wrenches him close. Their faces are almost touching, Lon's trembling.

95. (Cont'd)

A sudden silence falls. Something seems to flicker in Hud and then die out. He is at the end of his violence. He lets go of Lon, hesitates as if to get his bearings, and then walks back to Alma. He leans over the bed to her.

HUD

I'm dead drunk. See?

He moves away, staggering a little, seems to look for the door, and then goes lurching out.

96. ANOTHER ANGLE

Alma lies on the bed with her head in her hands. Lon comes over, awkward with dismay and tenderness, but he can find no words. He disappears into the bathroom suddenly; there is the SOUND of running water. He reappears with a wet washrag and brings it to her. Alma takes it and presses it against her mouth.

LON

(As though pleading  
with her)

He was just so drunk, Alma.

ALMA

Shut up about him.

LON

Did he hurt you?

ALMA

I'll get over it.

LON

Should I take you to town?  
Do you want a doctor or  
anything?

ALMA

No. Get out of here. You  
don't need to see any of  
this.

The boy goes out of the room.

3-12-62

97. EXT. YARD

Lon goes slowly to sit on the iron edge of the water trough. He turns on the tap, wets his hand, pats the angry bruise on his chin.

Hud's FACE is suddenly reflected in the water.

98. ANOTHER ANGLE

Lon turns around to look silently at him. A long pause.

HUD

What are you lookin' at?

LON

I'm lookin' at you, Hud.

HUD

Climb off it. You've been wantin' to do pretty much the same thing. You've been wantin' to wallow her from the day she got here.

LON

(Quietly)

Yes. I've been wantin' to do it. But not mean, like you.

HUD

(Shrugs)

Is there any other way?

Hud leaves him. Moodily, the boy puts his hand in the trough and tries to slosh out the round white moon REFLECTED in the water, but it keeps rocking back and forth, evading him.

DISSOLVE TO:

99. INT. BARN - (DAY)

Lon is up in the high loft, kicking down a few dusty bales of hay to Granddad, who is feeding the horses. They work in silence, both under a strain. A car DRAWS UP outside.

LON

It's Mister Burris.

He swings down to the ground and joins Granddad, who

99. (Cont'd)

straightens as if to gather his energies. Burris enters.

GRANDDAD

Good mornin'. You missed breakfast. Your timin's off.

BURRIS

Thanks. I've eaten.

GRANDDAD

Well, I guess you got something to tell us, or you wouldn't be here.

He fishes in his Levis for his pocketknife, picks up something to whittle. Hud suddenly appears in the doorway behind them; he leans against a post to listen

GRANDDAD

(Flatly)

I guess the tests are done.

BURRIS

Yes, sir. I'm afraid you've got the worst thing you could have.

GRANDDAD

(After a silence)

And there's no cure atall?

BURRIS

None we know of. It's like a bolt of lightning. It don't hurt you till it hits, but then it hurts a lot.

(As Granddad remains silent)

Your cattle are public enemies now. We gotta handle this thing quick, before it spreads.

GRANDDAD

What do I do? Just drive 'em in a pit and shoot 'em? I can't abide that.

BURRIS

I know it's a terrible thing, even to think about.

GRANDDAD

I've seen it, durin' the depression, and it's a sight worse to see than it is to think about.

99. (Cont'd)

BURRIS

Look here, Mister Bannon. You're gettin' up in years. You can afford to slow down -- the rest won't hurt your grass any. You might even sell a few oil leases.

Hud speaks dryly from behind them.

HUD

My daddy thinks oil is somethin' you stick in your salad dressin'.

GRANDDAD

If there's oil down there, you can get it sucked up after I'm under there with it. But I don't like it and I don't aim to have it. There'll be no holes punched in this land while I'm here. They ain't gonna come in and grade no roads, so the wind can blow me away.

100. ANOTHER ANGLE

Granddad goes to the open doorway to look out at the land sweeping away in front of him.

GRANDDAD (Cont'd)

What's oil to me? What can I do with a bunch of ruttin' oil wells? I can't ride out every day and prowl amongst 'em, like I can my cattle. I can't breed 'em or tend 'em or rope 'em or chase 'em or nothin'. I can't feel a smidgen of pride in 'em, cause they ain't none of my doin'.

HUD

(Hard)

There's money in it.

GRANDDAD

(Wheeling on him)

I don't want that kinda money. I want mine to come from somethin' that keeps a man doin' for himself.

(Continued)

100. (Cont'd)

He turns and holds out his hand abruptly to Burris.

GRANDDAD

We're much obliged to you for  
comin' out in person to tell us.

The two men shake hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

101. EXT. MEADOW - (DAY)

Ten bulldozers are lined up on the horizon, massive steel behemoths looking like tanks in formation for battle. There is a deafening ROAR as they crank up, heard all over the prairie. Clouds of dust begin to roll out over the fields as they bite into the earth, scraping out the great pits for the slaughter.

Through the dust the mounted figures of Hud, Lon and Granddad are visible, standing motionless and watching the defacing of the land.

DISSOLVE TO:

102. EXT. BANNON HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Dawn is still a ways off, but a timid greyness is coming in the eastern sky. The lights are on in the house. The men from the ranch are all mounted and waiting quietly.

In the distance, coming across the pastures, are several sets of HEADLIGHTS. Granddad notices them.

GRANDDAD

Here they come. At least every-  
body's on time.

(Heavily)

I'd rather take a beatin'.

(He rises in his stirrups)

Commence again!

103. EXT. PASTURE

The cattle are waiting in bunches in the early mist.

(Continued)

103. (Cont'd)

They begin driving the cattle, popping the reins of their bridles against their chaps. Banks of mist rise from the dewy grass and hang grey around the bellies of the moving cattle. In the distance the pits are waiting.

104. EXT. THE PITS

The pits are gaping holes, each with one end sloped and one end steep. The cattle pay them little mind; they go straight down the sloped ends, curious to see what is at the bottom.

105. EXT. THE LAST PIT

Lon stations himself, on horseback, at the slope end of the final pit. The cattle stand quietly at the bottom, the calves sucking, the cows licking themselves and their calves. Hud steps to the edge of the pit with a clip-action rifle in his hand. Lon is stiff in his presence, Hud abrupt.

HUD

You know what to do. Keep anything from comin' back up.

(Lon nods)

This might shy your horse.

LON

It might. I never shot off him at all.

HUD

Then ride off a ways when I start shootin'.

(He looks down)

106. EXT. ANOTHER PIT

(Continued)

106. (Cont'd)

One of the state men, BURKHART, spreads a rag on the ground and puts several extra clips on it. Then he comes to the edge and looks down at the cattle.

BURKHART

Fine bunch a cows.

107. EXT. - ON A SMALL RISE

Granddad sits his horse from a vantage point where he can survey the whole operation. He is without expression, his hands folded calmly on the saddle horn.

108. EXT. HUD'S PIT

The first SHOT crashes out from somewhere down the line. Lon's horse jumps and rears. Hud drops to a knee and begins shooting.

The firing of the guns and the bawling of the cattle DROWN OUT all other sound. As the guns go off Lon's horse becomes crazy with fright and he has all he can do to fight it, going around in circles, until it hangs its head and stands quivering, every muscle tight.

Not for a moment does the dust or the noise settle. All down the line the gunners kneel and fire without let-up. Hud rises, taking out his clip, going quickly to another pit. The mist, the dust, the acrid gunpowder all billow up into one huge cloud. No actual cow is seen hammered down; but that it is a welter of blood, a scene out of hell, is apparent enough from the cool, quick, methodical movements of the gunners.

Jose reels past Lon and doubles over a mesquite bush, vomiting. Lon shades his eyes in order to search out a glimpse of his grandfather.

109. EXT. - ON THE RISE

Granddad raises a hand to point, and a gunner, following his gesture, slams out another bullet. Then the old man folds his hands on the saddle horn again.



109. (Cont'd)

Now the noise begins to SCATTER, just a finishing shot or two. There are SCRAPING bolts as the gunners clear their magazines. Then only the cloud and a terrible silence.

Lon spurs up to Granddad.

LON

Didn't take long.

GRANDDAD

It don't take very long to kill things. Not like it takes to grow.

He wheels his horse around savagely and gallops off. The others fall in together and troop slowly after him.

110. EXT. BANNON HOUSE

As the men ride in and dismount. They tie their horses and walk over to the water trough to drink.

In the background, Granddad's two old longhorns are in the little feed pen, lazily pulling oat straw out of the hayrack.

THOMSON

Hey, wait a minute. We missed two of 'em. You-all stay here, I'll take care of 'em.

GRANDDAD

(A cold, even voice)

Where do you think you're goin', Mister?

THOMSON

(Stopping)

To finish this job. Somebody needs to.

GRANDDAD

You just come back here. I'll kill them two myself, seein' as how I raised 'em.

Thomson seems uncertain. His hand fidgets with his gun.

GRANDDAD

Something wrong with you?

(Continued)

110. (Cont'd)

THOMSON

(Mistrustfully)

There's no guarantee you'll do it.

The men stir uneasily as he calls Granddad a liar.  
Hud's flat voice breaks the silence.

HUD (flat)

[ He just said he would. ]

BURRIS

(To Thomson, angrily)

You get in the car. We're goin'  
down and see about burnin' those  
carcasses, and then we're leavin'.

(Turns to Granddad)

Mister Bannon can take care of  
the rest of this without us  
botherin' him.

Thomson goes to the car. Burris lingers another  
moment, straining for something to say.

GRANDDAD

Now you go on, Mister Burris. I  
know this here ain't your doin's.  
You just see about the burnin',  
and then get that feller there  
off my ranch.

BURRIS

All I can say is I'm sorry. I'm  
sure sorry.

GRANDDAD

So'm I. Things are just put  
together wrong, ain't they?

Burris turns and goes quickly. The men from the ranch  
watch the cars driving away.

GRANDDAD

He ain't such a bad feller. Just  
got a crapper of a job.

(He turns to Hud)

Gimme your rifle.

Hud hands it to him. The old man hefts its weight in  
his hands a moment, and then starts for the feed pen.  
Lon follows.

111.

EXT. IN THE YARD

Granddad pauses a moment as he comes to Jesse and Jose.

GRANDDAD

I don't plan on havin' any work  
to do for some time. And I'm  
sorry I can't afford to keep you  
on till things get better. So  
I'll have to let you go.

Both men nod. Granddad continues across the yard, Lon  
still at his heels.

112.

EXT. THE FEED PEN

Granddad leans on the fence and looks at the two old  
outlaw steers, the first rays of the morning sun flash-  
ing on their sweeping horns. They raise their heads  
from the straw to glare at him with their wild, roll-  
ing eyes.

GRANDDAD

Lord, but I've chased them two  
longhorns many a mile. I don't  
know if I can kill 'em. But I  
guess I can.

Lon, a step or two behind him, is silent. The old man  
continues staring at the steers.

GRANDDAD

I don't know if I got the energy  
to start it all over again. I  
don't know if I've got the time.

LON

I guess this is the worst thing  
that ever happened to you.

Granddad rubs a hand through his hair and shakes his  
head.

GRANDDAD

Oh, no. Not the worst by a long  
shot. Your dad gettin' killed --  
(He pauses)

Aw, I can get over this if my  
health don't go to failin' me.

The longhorns lower their heads and begin snatching  
at the straw again.

112. (Cont'd)

GRANDDAD

Lon, you go away someplace.

Lon has not seen his face all this time. He nods at Granddad's back and turns to go.

113. EXT. SIDE OF THE BARN

As Lon comes around, out of sight of the feed pen. He finds Hud leaning against the wall, smoking in the sunshine. Lon also leans up against the wall. The two men do not look at each other.

LON

I don't see how he can kill those cattle. He's had 'em too long.

The first SEOT crashes loudly, its echo bouncing back off the hills. Then there are THREE more in quick succession, and silence again.

HUD

(Without expression)

Four shots. Those old bulls are hard to kill.

LON

(Quietly)

He might as well be dead with them. Him and his longhorns together.

114. ANOTHER ANGLE

As Granddad appears, striding toward the house, the rifle cradled across his arm, his back straight. He SHOUTS over his shoulder at Lon:

GRANDDAD

Drag 'em down the hill somewhere and burn 'em. Burn 'em quick!  
Go on!

Lon jumps at the command and runs. The old man disappears into the house. Hud remains where he is, the sun on his face, smoking quietly.

DISSOLVE TO:

3-12-62

115. INT. ALMA'S CABIN - (NIGHT)

She is dressed in street clothes for the first time, finishing packing. She snaps the suitcase shut, looks about the little room. Absently, she picks up a full ashtray and empties it. Then she looks at the frilly paper lamp shade; she gets on a chair, pulls it off, drops it in the waste basket. Lon appears at the door.

ALMA

Did you call about the bus for me?

LON

(Nods)

It leaves at eleven-fifteen.

ALMA

Can I buy my ticket on it?

LON

Yeah, they said that'd be okay.

ALMA

Well, I'm ready.

He picks up the suitcase, politely holds the door open for her. They go out.

116. INT. PICKUP TRUCK

Lon and Alma get in, the suitcase between them.

LON

I whisked the seat off with a broom. You don't have to worry about gettin' your dress dirty.

She nods slightly, her face averted. He drives off.

117. INT. PICKUP TRUCK - (MOVING SHOT)

They go in silence for a while.

LON

They stop in Lubbock -- so's you can get your breakfast.

(She says nothing)

Look -- I've got two hundred dollars calf money -- if you're short --

117. (Cont'd)

ALMA  
(Shakes her head)  
You just keep it.

She is far away, still blank and raw, outside and in.  
The boy lapses into a bleak silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

118. EXT. THALIA (GREYHOUND STATION) - (NIGHT)

As they drive up and get out. Lon brings the suitcase from the truck and puts it down on the pavement. They face each other for the last time.

ALMA  
Help out your grandpa. He's getting old and feeble. He's your job now.

Lon nods. There is a pause.

LON  
Alma. I wish you weren't goin' off and leavin' us. We need you around here. I sure do.

ALMA  
You'll get along just fine.

LON  
(Painfully)  
I wish you'd stay.

ALMA  
I've been all over this cow country, looking for the exact right place and the exact right people, so once I got stopped I wouldn't have to be moving again. But it hasn't worked out.

She softens, and gives him an old smile for the first time.

ALMA  
Goodbye, honey. Take care of yourself. And don't you be lazy now.

3-12-62

(Continued)

118. (Cont'd)

LON  
(Young and forlorn)  
I feel like I'm losin' people  
every day. And I need them all.

She gives him a quick hug. He gets back into the  
truck and drives off.

119. EXT. THALIA - (SERVICE STATION)

Hud drives up in the Cadillac and gets out, calling  
to the ATTENDANT.

HUD  
I'm puttin' a quick charge on my  
battery, Elmo.

The man nods and Hud makes himself at home with the  
equipment, raising the hood, attaching the wires.  
After a while he becomes aware that he is not alone,  
and looks up to find TRUMAN PETERS standing on the  
other side of the car from him. Hud straightens up.

HUD  
(Easily)  
Hello, Truman. You lookin' for  
me?

TRUMAN  
I'm lookin' for Lily.  
(Bitterly)  
She's usually with you.

HUD  
(Shakes his head,  
good-humored)  
Now, Truman, I only see Lily two  
three times a week.

TRUMAN  
She ain't at home.

HUD  
She likes her beer. You might find  
her over at the cafe.

TRUMAN  
You know a lot about Lily, don't  
you?

HUD  
All I want to know.

(Continued)

119.

(Cont'd)

Despite the threats that have been around, Truman is not violent. On the contrary, he is a troubled, oppressed man, grey with worry.

TRUMAN

(Suddenly)

I'm twenty-one years older than her.

HUD

(Calmly)

Well, she's fadin' fast. She'll catch up with you.

TRUMAN

I care a good deal about her. Built her that big ranch house. Put in a swimmin' pool. Got her a convertible car. But I can't seem to do enough.

HUD

Let me tell you how to handle her, Truman. What you want to do is take back that pink slip, pull the plug on the swimmin' pool, and kick her tail out the door.

TRUMAN

She'd have you to come to.

HUD

(Dismissively)

No, we've had our laughs. She's only good for one or two, you know.

A pause in which Truman looks at him thoughtfully.

TRUMAN

You never treated her very nice did you?

HUD

(Smiles slightly)

Listen, dad, if I'd been too nice to her, you'd be in real trouble.

Truman clamps his mouth shut and moves off. Hud picks up a rag and wipes the grease off his hands.

3-12-62

(Continued)



119. (Cont'd)

A figure catches his attention, a woman across the street, sitting on her upended suitcase. He tosses the rag away and crosses over.

120. EXT. BUS STATION

Alma remains seated as he approaches, smoking, watching him coolly. He stands looking down at her.

HUD

Well, it looks like we're losin' a good cook.

(Smiles)

Maybe we shoulda boosted your salary a little bit.

(She merely looks at him)

You're not lettin' that little ruckus we had run you off, are you?

ALMA

(Evenly)

As far as I can get on a bus ticket.

HUD

Are you claimin' I'm the first guy who ever put his foot in your door?

ALMA

No.

HUD

But I'm the first one who ever got rough, huh?

(He pauses)

Well, I'm sorry. That wasn't my style. I don't usually get rough with my women.

(Smiles again)

I generally don't have to.

ALMA

You're rough on everybody.

HUD

(Unruffled)

So they tell me.

120.

(Cont'd)

She flicks away her cigarette. As always, she is honest.

ALMA

You want to know something funny?  
It would have happened eventually,  
without the roughhouse. You look  
pretty good without your shirt on,  
you know -- the sight of that  
through the kitchen window made me  
put my dish towel down more'n once.

HUD

(Wryly)

Why didn't you speak up sooner?

She shrugs. The bus finally appears beside them, the door swings open. Alma rises. Hud puts her suitcase in. As she places a foot on the step, he pulls her back into his arms and kisses her. It takes a moment, and then Alma responds unabashed. The ardent embrace signifies what might have been.

They separate again. Hud is rueful.

HUD

I'll remember you, honey. You're  
the one that got away.

She gets into the bus and it goes, leaving him on the pavement.

121.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - (MOVING SHOT)

Lon is driving slowly past the rodeo area on his way home. All the signs are down, the big show is over for the year. Only litter remains, trampled, scattered hay strewn about. A car hauling a horse trailer pulls out and heads for the highway. Lon passes a station wagon with its back door open and a cowboy's legs sticking out, eight or ten empty beer cans under his heels. Another cowboy is rolled up at the side of the road in a sleeping bag.

Lon STOPS suddenly at the sight of a familiar figure sitting on the end-gate of a truck. It is Jesse; he gets off and comes over to Lon.

122.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THALIA

3-12-62

(Continued)

122.

(Cont'd)

Jesse puts a foot on the running board. The stove-in cowboy is feeling let down and depressed, and the boy's mood matches his.

JESSE

Found a trucker, an old boy I used to rodeo with. He said he'd give me a ride to New Mexico early in the mornin' if I'm here. I'm gonna sleep in his truck so I don't miss him.

They HEAR a car radio nearby: "Far across th' distant waters, lived an ol' German's daughter, on th' banks of th' ol' Rivah Rhilinnne..."

JESSE

Ain't that tune pretty?

Jesse wearily rubs his fingers over his eyes.

LON

I halfway wish I was goin' someplace. I ain't doin' any good around here.

JESSE

It don't hurt to take a little look around. Just don't turn into an old loose horse like me. You're better off to stop somewhere, even if it ain't no paradise.

(Glumly)

Me, I shoulda just set down and made it right wherever it was.

(Pauses)

Well, I imagine I'll be runnin' into you somewhere, one a these days.

LON

I hope you get a good job.

JESSE

Oh, I guess I'll get by. [It's hard times and dusty roads.]

LON

So long, Jesse.

(Continued)

122. (Cont'd)

JESSE

Be careful.

123. INT. PICKUP TRUCK - (MOVING SHOT)

As Lon drives on he takes a final look at Jesse, a man who has nothing to take with him and nowhere to go. Then Jesse is behind, the highway ahead.

The road is empty. As usual, for company, Lon turns on his transistor radio: Wayne Rainey sings "Why don't you haul off and love me, like you used to do..."

Lon turns at the cattle guard and starts across the pasture. In his mirror he suddenly sees a pair of headlights coming up behind as fast as an ambulance. The headlights come to within a foot of his rear bumper and he sees the Cadillac grille.

124. INT. CADILLAC - (MOVING SHOT)

Hud rides the boy's tail, grinning, getting a kick out of it.

125. INT. PICKUP TRUCK - (MOVING SHOT)

Lon nervously watches his uncle's car in the mirror. When he looks back to the road again he tenses violently, slamming on the brake, swerving the wheel as hard as he can.

126. EXT. IN THE ROAD

Granddad is on his hands and knees, crawling, looking up into the bright LIGHTS that are rushing down on him. A quick GLIMPSE of him, no more.

3-12-62

126. (Cont'd)

In the background the horse that threw him is humping, then streaking away into the darkness.

127. INT. PICKUP TRUCK - (MOVING SHOT)

The Cadillac JARS Lon's rear end, while the boy pulls wildly on the wheel to avoid the figure in the road. He goes bouncing over the bar ditch and into the pasture almost spinning over. There is another sudden lurch and Lon is thrown against the far door, still trying to hang on to the wheel with one hand. The truck has STOPPED, tilted over in the ditch, the music cut OFF, the night abruptly silent. Lon pounds the door open and jumps out.

128. EXT. IN THE ROAD

The boy runs back, looking frantically for Granddad. Hud is out in the road in front of his car. The grille of the Cadillac is caved in and Hud stands in the HEADLIGHTS, slinging blood off his nose.

HUD

You stupid knuckle-head,  
what'd you stop for? You got  
your life's work ahead of you,  
payin' for this car!

LON

(As if choking)

Didn't you see him! He's out  
here -- Granddad. He was  
crawlin' in the road.

HUD

The hell he was!

He throws away a bloody handkerchief, and in the stillness they HEAR a voice:

GRANDDAD'S VOICE

Huddie. Huddie.

129. EXT. IN THE DITCH

The two men run over together. Granddad is in the ditch, still moving on his hands and knees. Hud kneels down and clasps him in his arms, trying to keep him still.

(Continued)

at

HUD

127.

129. (Cont'd)

All Granddad has on is his old nightshirt. His feet are bare.

GRANDDAD

Don't hold me back, Huddie.  
I fell off my horse. I was  
goin' out to get the men to-  
gether. We gotta get to work.  
Turn me loose now. I'm okay.

Hud raises his head to look at Lon.

HUD

This old man's hurt bad.

GRANDDAD

(Mind still wandering)  
Clara, you help me. I gotta  
get up now and get those men  
started. A man ain't to crawl.

He falls silent. Blood is dripping from Hud's nose and dropping on Granddad.

HUD

Lon. Take my car. Get to the  
house. Call an ambulance and  
tell 'em to get here quick.  
Tell 'em we got an awful sick  
man.

The frozen boy leaps up and runs.

130. INT. CADILLAC

Lon tries desperately to start it. The motor WHINES but it will not start. He slams the dashboard in frustration and jumps out.

131. EXT. IN THE DITCH

Lon comes running back.

LON

It won't start.

HUD

Five thousand dollar car, and  
it's no more use than a wagon!

3-12-62

(Continued)

131.

(Cont'd)

HUD (Cont'd)

(Hud is wild-eyed and  
desperate too)Bring the whiskey. It's on  
the front seat.

Lon disappears. Granddad lies weakly in Hud's arms  
and Hud's wrists are trembling as he holds him. Lon  
comes flying back with the bottle.

HUD

Get some of it down him. Might  
help.

He tilts Granddad's head and Lon tries to make him  
take some whiskey, but it bubbles off the old man's  
mouth and runs in a stream down his chin and neck.

LON

I can't make him drink this  
stuff.

HUD

Keep pourin'.

GRANDDAD

(Quietly)

You-all. Don't make me drink  
that.

Lon slams the bottle on the ground. Silence. Hud  
looks up and around urgently.

HUD

Look here. There's a car comin'  
out of Thalia. You run out to the  
road and flag him down. You can  
beat him. Tell him we got a dyin'  
man here. If he's got a big car  
make him come over. If he hasn't,  
make him telephone. Move.

LON

(Panicked)

I'm scared he'll die. He might  
while I'm gone.

(Continued)

131. (Cont'd)

Blood from Hud's nose is smeared all over the lower part of his face and he looks terrible.

HUD

He's sufferin' agony. Get on,  
or I'll promise you he'll die.  
Stop that car.

GRANDDAD

Don't send him off, Hud.

Lon has been about to run, but he drops down beside the old man instead.

LON

I'm right here. Don't you worry.

GRANDDAD

My horse threw me. Hurt me bad.

LON

You're gonna be all right, Granddad.

GRANDDAD

Don't know if I want to be.

LON

Don't talk like that. You'll be  
just fine. We're gonna get some  
help.

GRANDDAD

Feel like throwin' in the sponge.  
Feel like givin' up.

LON

You? You never quit on anything  
in your whole life.

GRANDDAD

(Evenly)

Hud there is waitin' on me. And  
he ain't a patient man, either.

He turns his face away. Silence. Hud comes closer  
and bends down. After a moment he removes his Levi  
jacket and puts it over Granddad's face.

LON

(Like a child)

He isn't gone, is he?

HUD

Yeah.

(Continued)



131. (Cont'd)

The boy touches the sleeve of the jacket.

LOX

I meant to buy him a good blanket-lined jacket, and give it to him sometime or other.

HUD

You listen to me. I'm not lying now. It was the best thing. He was worn-out and he knew it.

LOX

But he didn't seem so bad. He didn't seem bad off at all.

HUD

He was, Lonnie. Tryin' to get up and hurtin' himself. Tryin' to get to those damn dead people of his. He always liked them better than us that were livin', anyway.

LOX

But he was Granddad. What'll I do?

HUD

You'll do without. Like the rest of us.

(Pauses)

He couldn't've made it any way in the world. He couldn't've made it another hour.

Lon turns slowly away from the body and looks at Hud.

LOX

He could if he'd wanted to. You fixed it so he didn't want to anymore.

HUD

You don't know the story. He and I fought many and many a round. But I guess you could say I helped him as much as he ever helped me.

LOX

(Mumb)

How'd you help him, Hud? By tryin' to sell him out? By makin' him give up and quit? By takin' the heart out of him? Is that how you helped him?

(Continued)

131. (Cont'd)

Hud makes no defense. He just gives the boy a calm, impassive look.

DISSOLVE TO:

132.  
thru  
134.

OMITTED

135. INT. CHURCH - (DAY)

The place is full of ranch people, bosses, hired hands, loose cowboys, and the old ladies from Thalia. Hud and Lon in their good blue suits sit in the family section, marked off with blue ribbon, close to the coffin with its glass cover and satin padding around the inside rim. Lon holds a songbook absently squeezing it in his hand and making it bend.

MRS. SINGER, at the organ, finishes playing "Abide With Me," and the PREACHER appears. Hud and Lon sit impassively as he speaks.

PREACHER

My friends, Brother Homer Bannon, whom we all knew and loved, has at last been called to his rest. Homer Lisle Bannon, born in Texas in 1875, a cowboy and a cattleman all his life. And now God has taken him, taken him where he will never have to labor in the sun and the sleet again. Taken him to a range it is not ours to trod, where the grass withereth not and neither does the water fail. But he has not perished -- he has merely kept his contract with God, and ridden on.

Lon gets up abruptly and walks out. Hud rises and follows him.

136. EXT. CHURCH

The two men stand alone out front, where the cortege is drawn up and waiting.

LON

(Hotly)

He ain't in any loaf-around eternal life. He's the way he was -- enjoyin' his good

(Continued)

136. (Cont'd)

LON (Cont'd)  
horses, lookin' at the land,  
tryin' to figure out ways to  
beat the dry weather and the  
wind.

HUD  
Settle down, boy. We still  
got the graveyard ahead of us.

The doors open and the preacher emerges, the congrega-  
tion streaming out behind him. Lon makes a move to  
avoid him, turning away to stand near the hearse, but  
the preacher approaches.

PREACHER  
We had a fine turnout. He was  
loved by people all over the  
state.

LON  
(Coldly)  
That's a lie. Some liked him  
and some were scared of him and  
plenty of 'em hated his guts.  
Me and a few cowboys and an old-  
timer or two loved and respected  
him some. And that's all.

Hud grins. He is Lon's ally in this.

HUD  
Yeah, you did lay it on a little,  
Reverend.

The preacher is nonplussed for a moment, but he tries  
again.

PREACHER  
I know what you're feeling, but  
look at it this way. He's gone  
to a better place, my boy.

LON  
I don't think so. Not unless  
dirt is a better place than air.

Lon turns away from them all and walks quickly down  
the street, going alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

137. OMITTED.

137A. INT. LON'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

Lon is alone in his room, emptying out his drawers, discarding paperback books, tearing up glossy pinup pictures. There is the SOUND of the Cadillac in the yard, then Hud's feet on the stairs. Lon seems unaware of his approach, goes on with his business. Hud enters.

HUD

(Quietly)

Well, we took him to the  
graveyard and put him down.  
It's all over with.

The boy says nothing. Hud sees a plain brown paper  
bag on the bed.

HUD

What've you got there?

LON

My gear.

Hud reaches for the bag, opens it, glances inside at  
the contents. He smiles slightly.

HUD

Two shirts, a couple of pair  
of shorts, a tube of Colgate's  
toothpaste...

(Looks up at Lon)

You going some place?

LON

Yeah.

HUD

(Putting down the bag)

You're travelin' pretty light.

LON

I got everything I need.

HUD

Plannin' to go for good?

LON

That's right.

Hud finds that he has come up against something new in  
Lon.

HUD

What about your half of this spread?

(Continued)

dt 1st Change

HUD

4-24-62

134.

137A. (Cont'd)

OK

LON

You can put my share in the bank.  
I'm going somewhere else and work  
a while, if I can happen onto a job.

HUD

Aren't you just a little bit green  
to go bustin' loose on your own?

LON

Well, we'll see.

Hud is silent a moment, then he nods.

HUD

(With faint mockery)

I was just about your age when I  
went off to the Army. Your grand-  
daddy bought me a Mars candy bar  
down at the station, and he said  
to me, "Character's the only thing  
I've got to give you. Be a man."

LON

(Evenly)

I suppose he was kinda worried --  
you tryin' so hard to get out of  
the draft and all.

HUD

(Amused)

[ Sonny, you could be talkin'  
yourself right out of a candy  
bar. ]

(Pauses)

You want a lift into town?

LON

No, thanks.

Lon shuts a final drawer, picks up his bag and goes  
out.

137B. INT. UPPER HALLWAY

The door to Granddad's room is open. The bed is neatly  
made, the room has been emptied of all personal things.  
Lon walks past without looking inside.

After a moment Hud follows the boy.

137C. EXT. FRONT PORCH

Lon emerges, going down the steps into the yard. A moment later Hud is in the doorway.

HUD

Honcho.

(The boy stops)

I just want you to know that  
if you don't make your million,  
you can always come back and work  
for me.

LON

I won't be back this way.

HUD

(Good-humored)

So you're finally unhitchin'  
from my coat-tails, huh? I guess  
you've come to be of your grand-  
daddy's opinion -- that I ain't  
fit to live with.

LON

I gotta see about pickin' up a  
ride.

HUD

I'm gonna miss havin' you hangin'  
around, like some kind of overgrown  
pup. Havin' you underfoot every  
place I go. You been taggin' after  
me all your life -- and that's a  
big chunk of mine. If you walk out  
on me, you're gonna be breakin'  
one of my regular habits.

(The boy is silent)

Too bad. We might've whooped it  
up a little bit, you and me.  
That's the way you used to want it.

LON

I used to. So long, Hud.

HUD

(Easily)

You know something, fantan?  
There's so much crap in the world,  
a man's gonna get in it sooner  
or later, whether he's careful  
or not.

(Pauses)

But you go ahead. Nobody's  
mad at you.

(Continued)

at 1st Change

HUD

4-24-62

136.

137C. (Cont'd)

Lon goes, walking down the dirt road that leads to the highway. Hud watches him go.

The bend in the road takes the boy out of sight after a moment. Hud looks slowly around. There is a sense of things finished and at an end here. The yard is empty, the corral is empty, the cabin is empty, the bunkhouse is empty. Hud is alone.

138  
thru  
141.

OMITTED

141A. EXT. HIGHWAY

A big red cattle truck comes squealing to a halt, and Lon walks over to speak to the driver, BOBBY DON BREWER.

LON

Can I have a lift?

BOBBY DON

Why, sure. Where you want to go?

LON

Like to get to Houston.

BOBBY DON

Get in. That's where I'm goin'.

Lon climbs into the high cab. The truck rolls forward again.

141B. INT. CATTLE TRUCK -- (MOVING SHOT)

BOBBY DON

I heard you had a rodeo around here the other night.

LON

Yeah.

BOBBY DON

I used to ride them bulls when I was a young feller.

(Spits out the window)

But I got me two boys now. Mama

(Continued)

141B. (Cont'd)

BOBBY DON (Cont'd)

don't let me rodeo no more.  
Sometimes I miss it, you know?  
(Lon nods)  
My name's Bobby Don Brewer.

LON

I'm Lonnie Bannon.

BOBBY DON

Bannon, you say? Kin to Homer  
Bannon?

LON

I'm his grandson. You know him?

BOBBY DON

Why, sure I know him. I trucked  
many a head of cattle off his  
ranch. I remember you, now,  
remember seein' you. How is  
the old gentleman?

LON

Mean as he ever was.

141C. EXT. CATTLE TRUCK - HIGHWAY

The truck drives away at a fast clip, heading down  
the empty highway for Houston.

142. OMITTED

FADE OUT.

THE END



Hub + his Paddy --?  
(Symptoms? ... check record!)

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